

\* Abraxas Presents: \*

# THE IMMORTALS

#1

50¢





No big speech! I just want to say that this magazine has been a ball! I enjoyed writing the script (oh, wow!) almost as much as the artists did drawing the thing. I'd like to thank Arthur for the initial push, and HOWSKI & Company for most of the art. HOWSKI's gang (Matt, Tony, and Jeff) managed to meet a two-week deadline in spite of the blood, violence, and sex. Thanks, everybody! I really appreciate it.....

CREDITS

Plot, story, script, dialogue, and continuity.....Rickey L. Shanklin  
Cover.....Harry Roland  
Pages 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8.....Claude Thomas Brooks  
Pages 9,10.....Jeff Tetreault  
Page 11.....Ellen \*\*\*\*\*  
Pages 12,13,14.....Matt Howarth  
Page 15.....Jeff Tetreault  
Page 16.....Tony Sciarra  
Page 17.....Matt Howarth  
Page 18.....Tony Sciarra  
Pages 19,20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27,28,29,30,31,32,33.Matt Howarth  
Pages 33(bottom),24,35,36,37.....Jeff Tetreault  
Pages 37(bottom),38,39,40,41,42,43,44,45,46,47,48,49.Tony Sciarra  
Back cover (From ABRAXAS #1).....Walt Simonson

THANKS!

Rickey L. Shanklin

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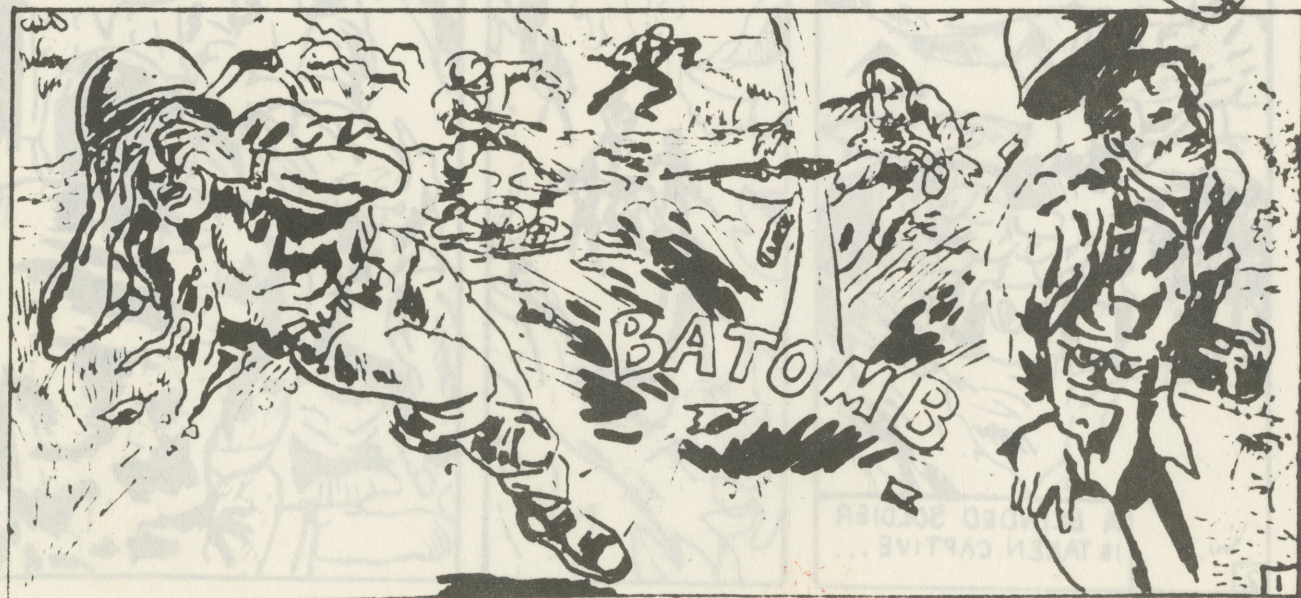
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# PRISONER OF WAR

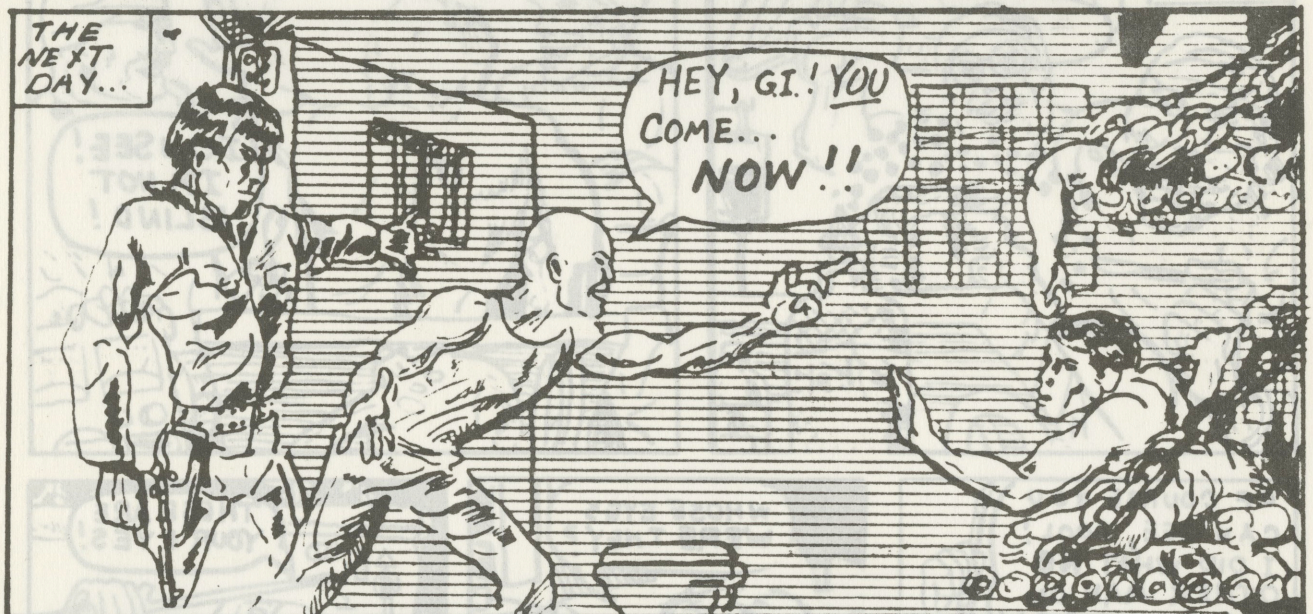
THE  
FIRST  
IMMORTAL







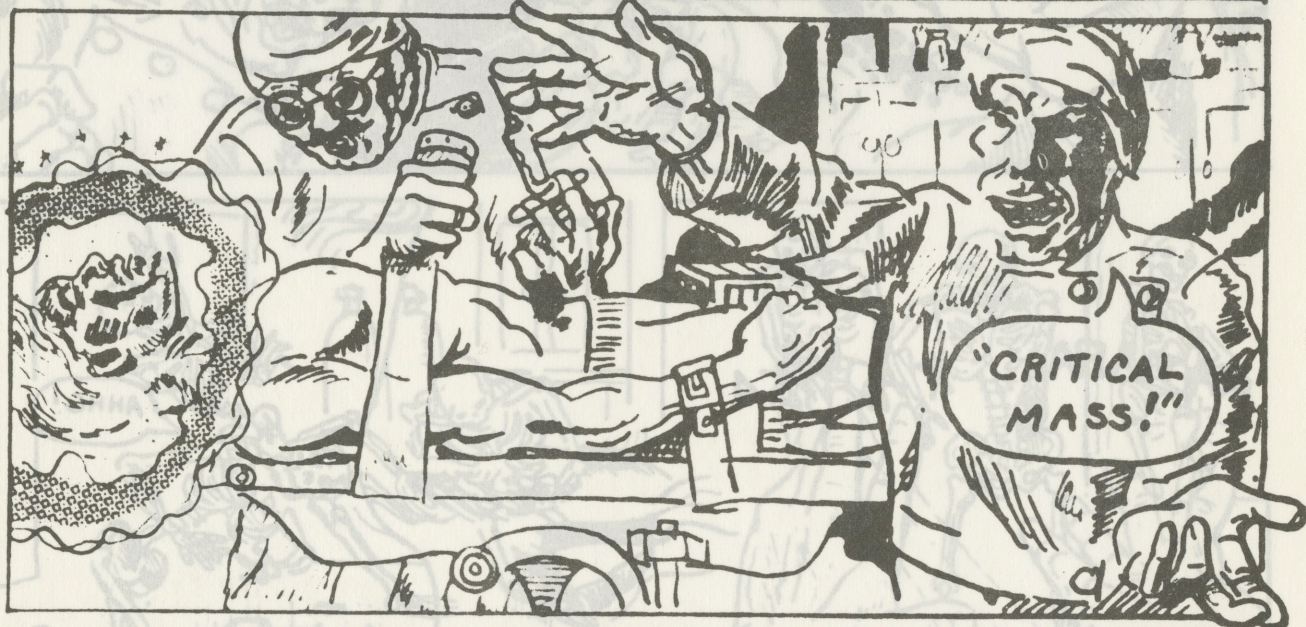
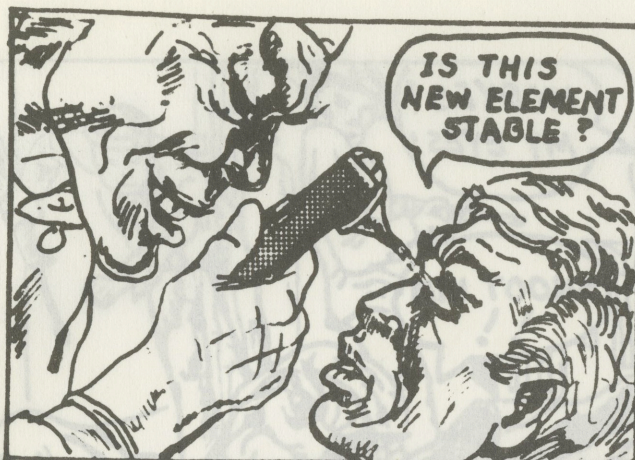




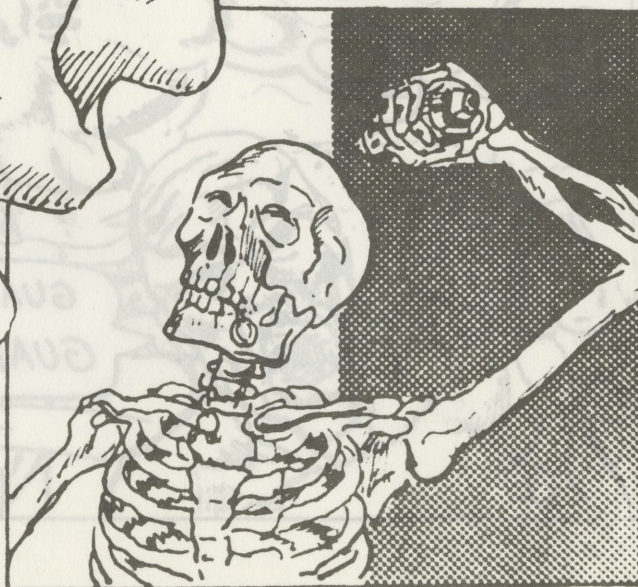
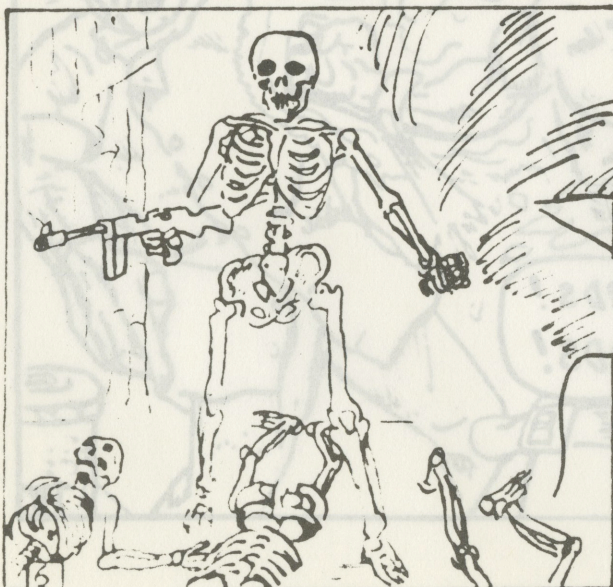
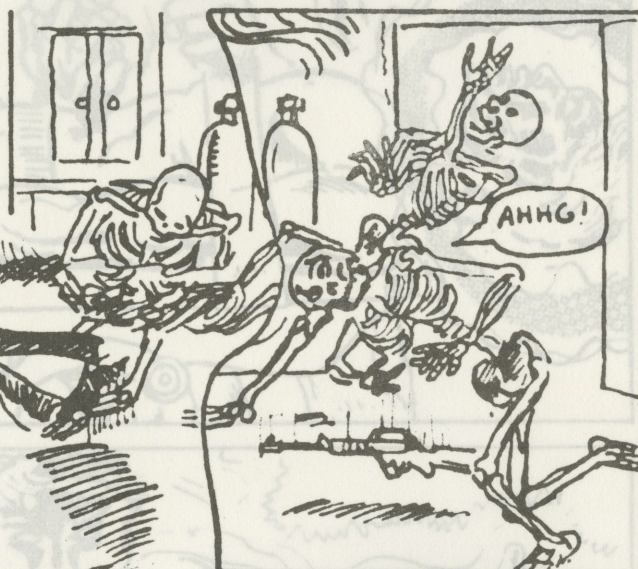
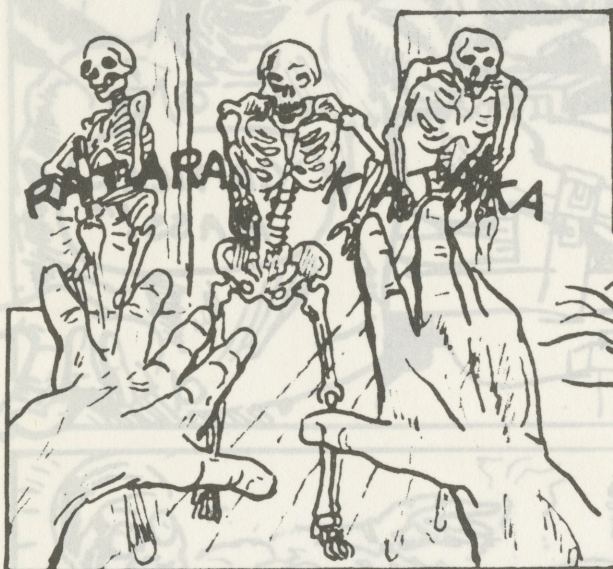
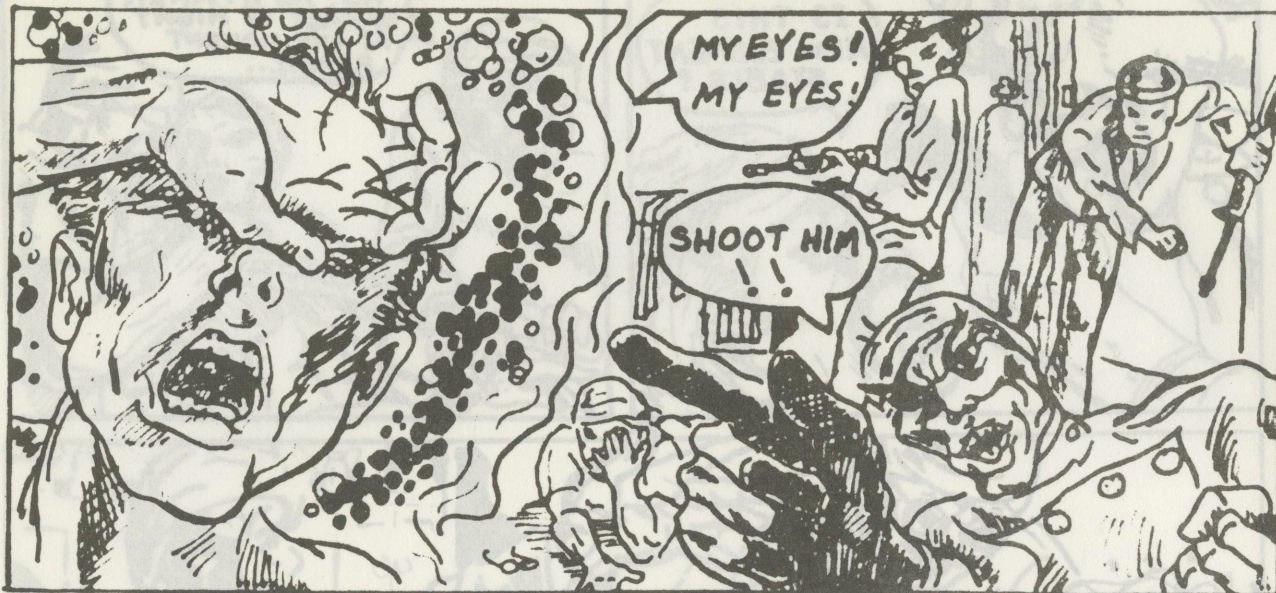








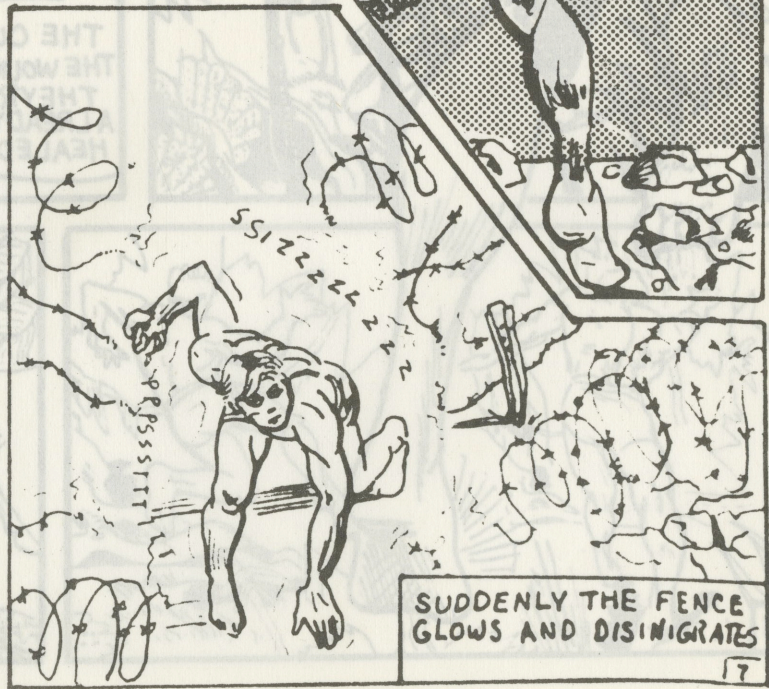






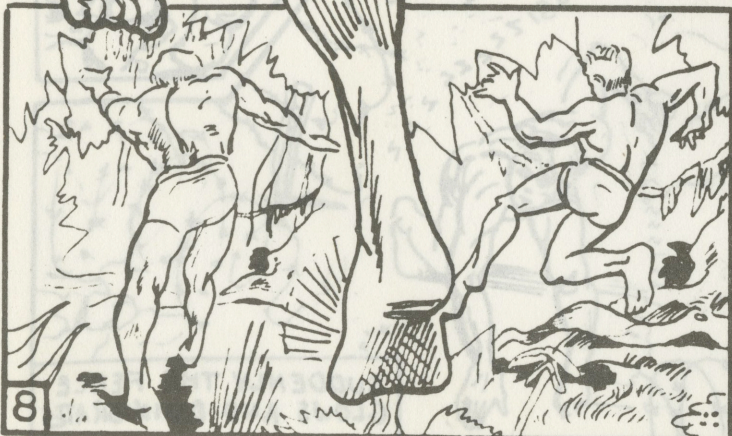


METAL GARBS  
TEAR THROUGH  
FLESH - UNTIL...

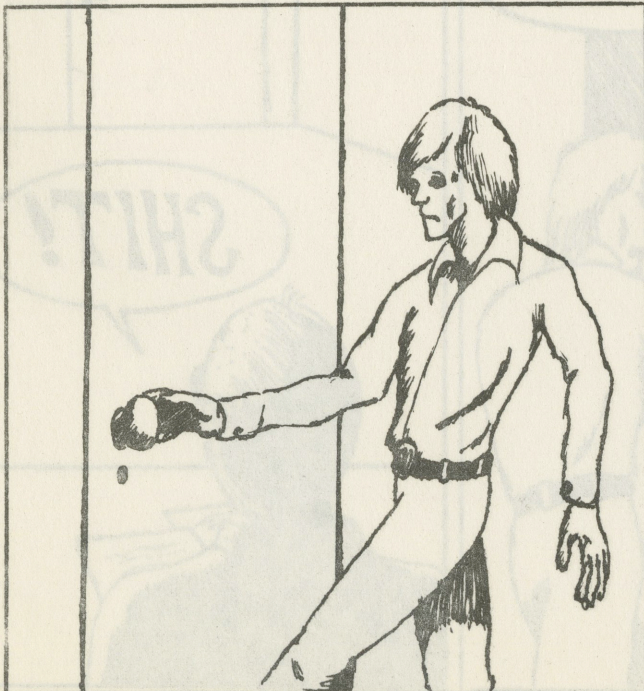
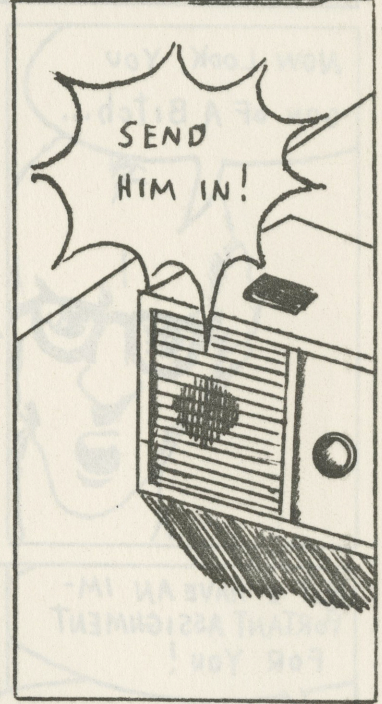
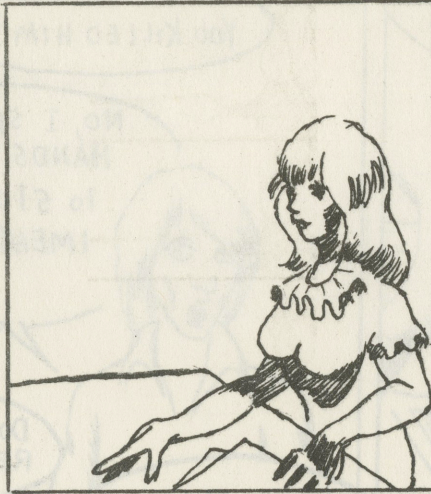
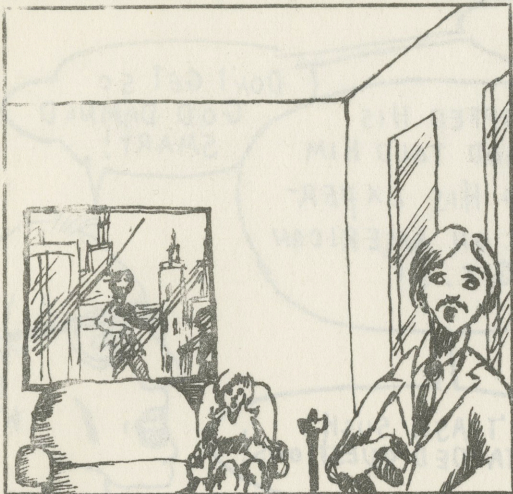


SUDDENLY THE FENCE  
GLOWS AND DISINTEGRATES

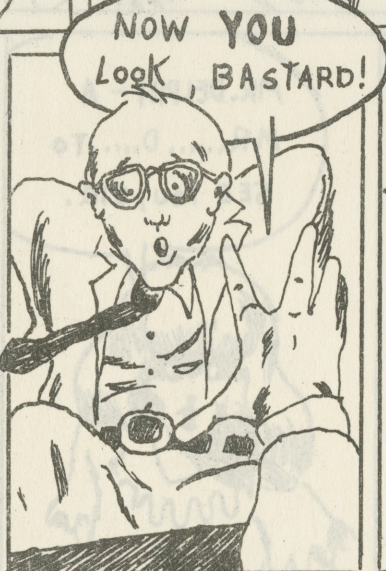
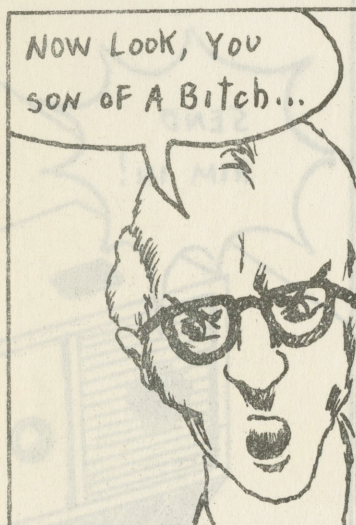
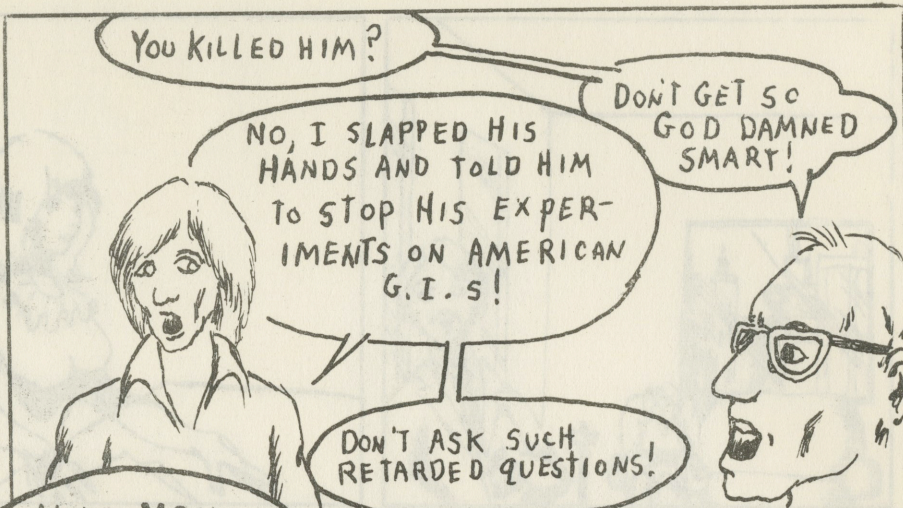














IT ALL SEEMS TO HAVE HAPPENED  
SO LONG AGO. IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE  
IT WAS JUST TWO YEARS AGO THAT  
I BECAME...



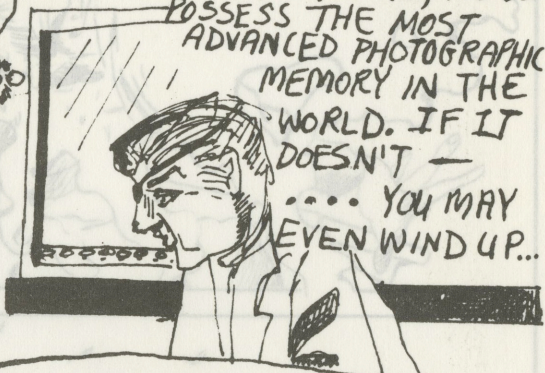
...MORE THAN HUMAN!



...UNTESTED. WE  
CANNOT SAY WHAT  
SIDE-EFFECTS THIS  
MIGHT HAVE.

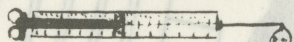
I'LL WORRY ABOUT  
THAT! I NEED MO-  
NEY AND, IF THIS IS  
WHAT I  
HAVE TO DO  
TO GET IT  
... I'LL DO  
IT!

IF THIS WORKS, YOU'LL  
POSSESS THE MOST  
ADVANCED PHOTOGRAPHIC  
MEMORY IN THE  
WORLD. IF IT  
DOESN'T —  
.... YOU MAY  
EVEN WIND UP...



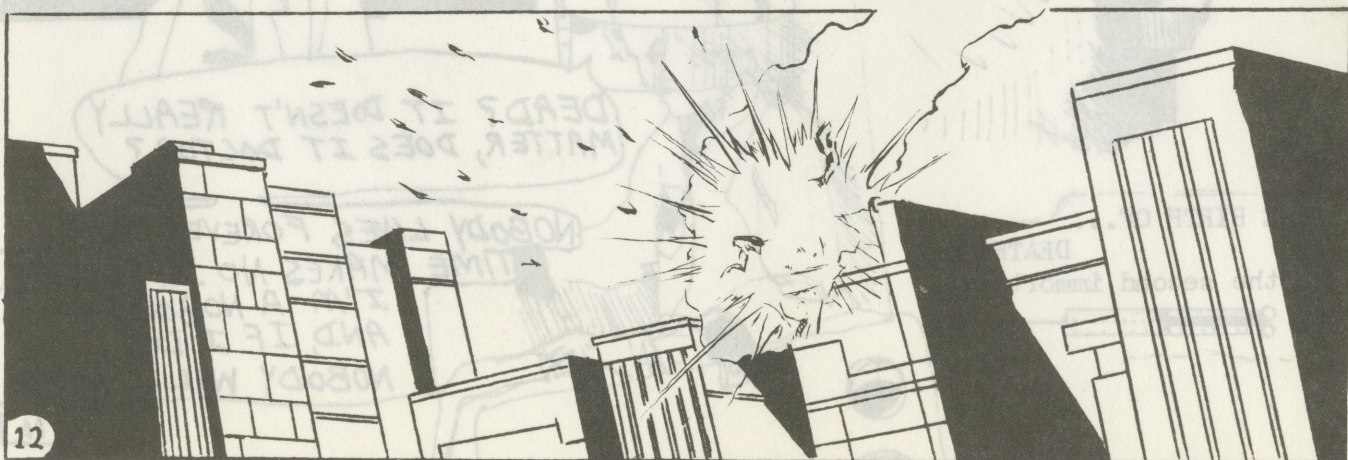
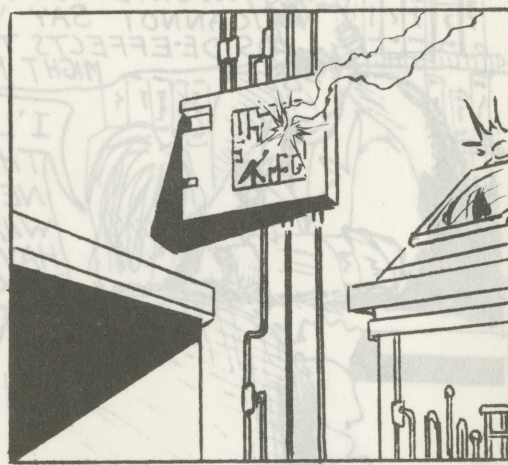
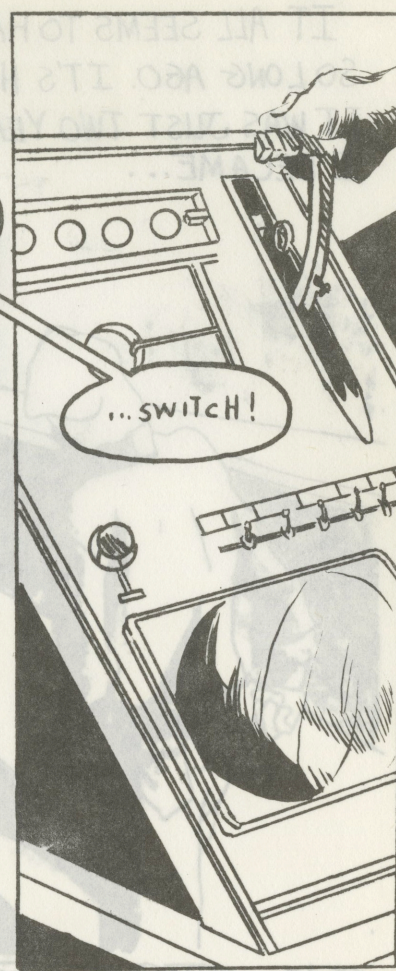
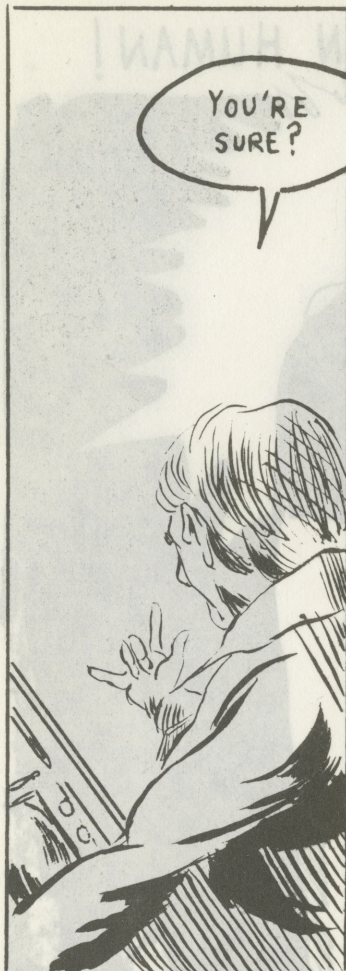
DEAD? IT DOESN'T REALLY  
MATTER, DOES IT DOCTOR?

THE BIRTH OF...  
DEATH!  
(the second immortal)



NOBODY LIVES FOREVER, SO  
TIME MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.  
I'M A NOBODY —  
AND, IF I DIE,  
NOBODY WILL NOTICE!







"I AWOKE IN AN ALLEY NEARBY,"



"THE BUILDING HAD BEEN DESTROYED!"



"I STUMBLED OFF ...



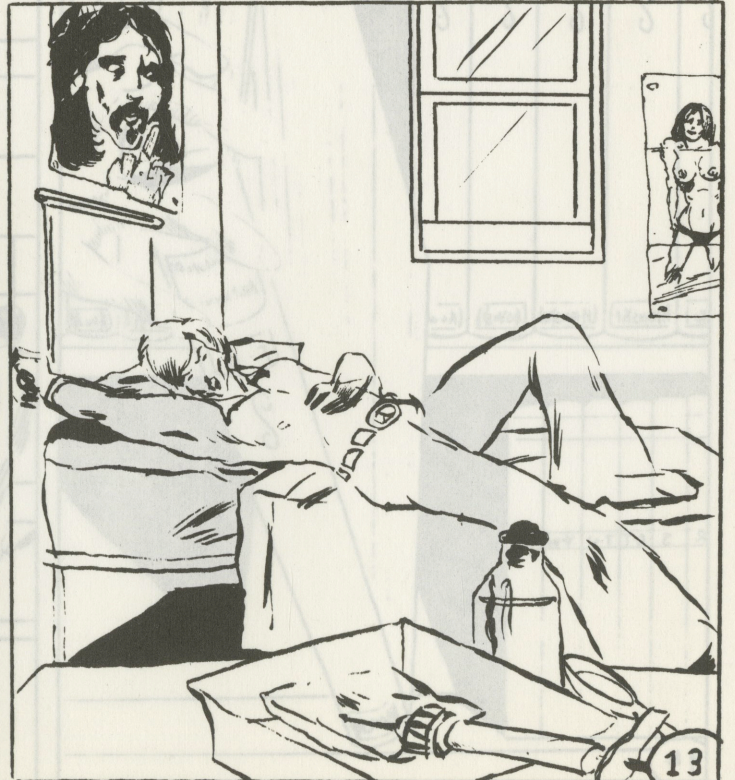
"... FOUND MY APARTMENT..."



"... ENTERED..."



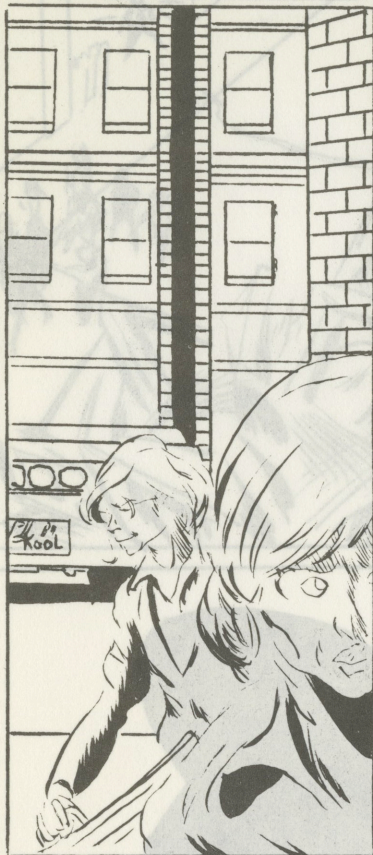
"... AND FELL INTO BED."



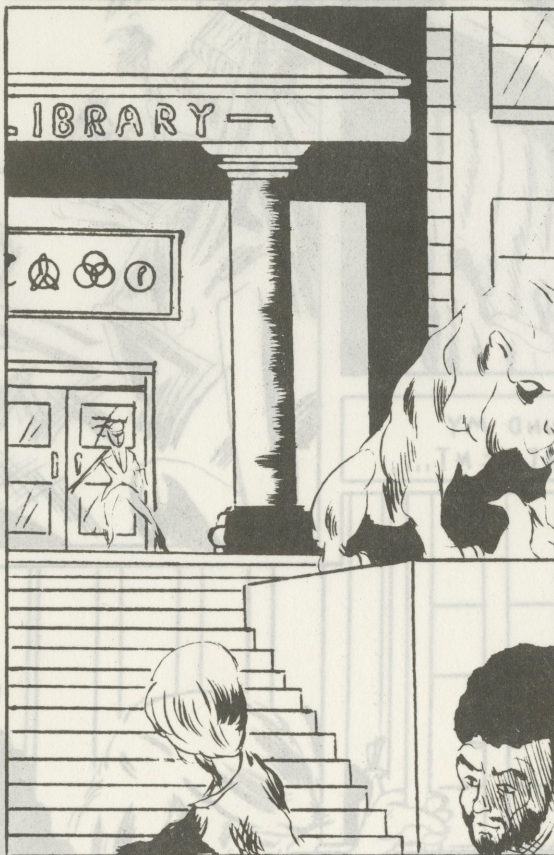


"WHEN I AWOKE AGAIN, I FELT A NEW SORT OF AWARENESS... AN UN-EXPLAINABLE HUNGER... SEEMINGLY FROM MY MIND ITSELF. I LEFT....

"...WALKED A WAYS, ...



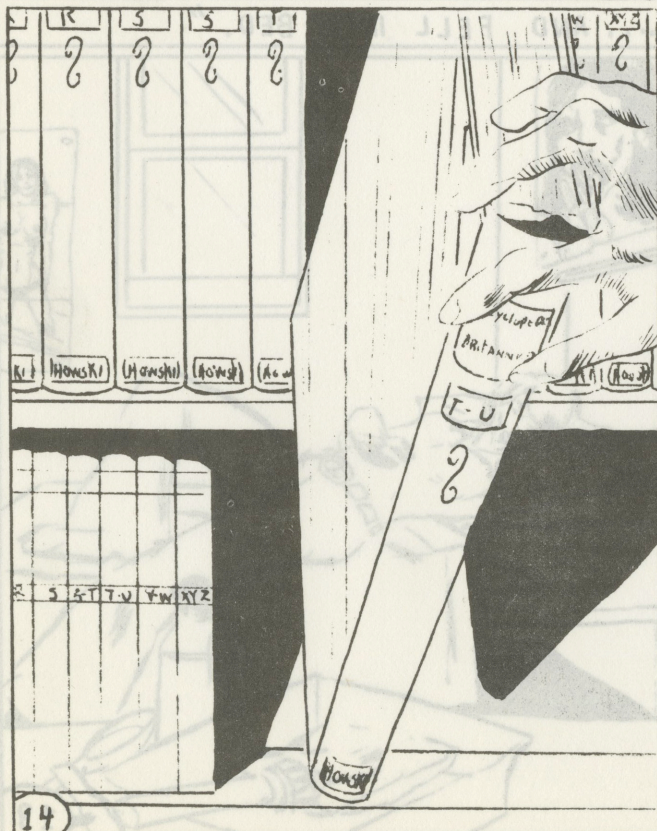
"...STOPPED BEFORE A LIBRARY...



"... AND ENTERED."



"I PULLED DOWN AN ENCYCLOPEDIA."



"I WONDERED, 'DID IT WORK?' "









"I ROSE, AND SUDDENLY..."



"..... I EXPERIENCED A FLASHBACK!"



"I LAY, SEMI-CONSCIOUS,  
WISHING THE HALLUCIN-  
ATIONS WOULD DISSIPATE,  
AND... TO MY SURPRISE..."



"....THEY DID!"



"WHEN I OPENED MY EYES,  
I THOUGHT, AT FIRST,  
THAT I HAD DIED, FOR...  
LOOKING INTO MY EYES  
WAS AN ANGEL!"

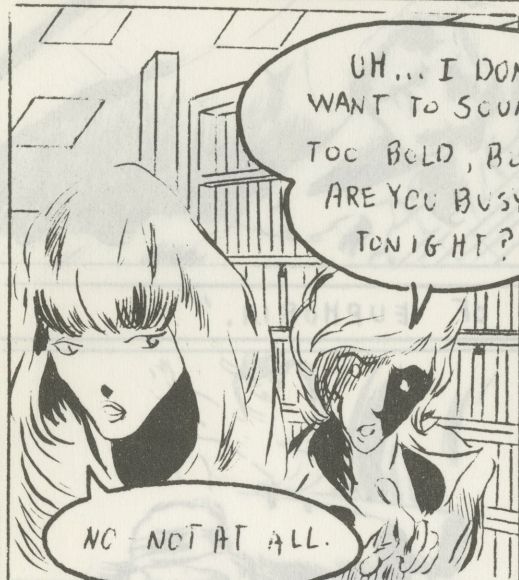


ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT?

YES, I MUST  
HAVE ... TRIPPED ... OVER  
THE CHAIR AND STRUCK  
MY HEAD, THANK YOU.



"I LAY THERE, LOOKING INTO HER EYES...ENTRANCED."



UH... I DON'T WANT TO SOUND TOO BOLD, BUT... ARE YOU BUSY TONIGHT?

NO - NOT AT ALL.

HOW ABOUT ME PICKING YOU UP AT 8:00?



THAT'LL BE FINE.

HERE'S MY ADDRESS.

Jill Sanders  
43 Peichert  
St.

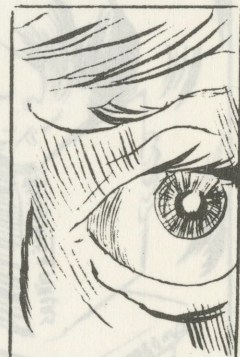


GREAT. SEE YOU LATER, JILL.

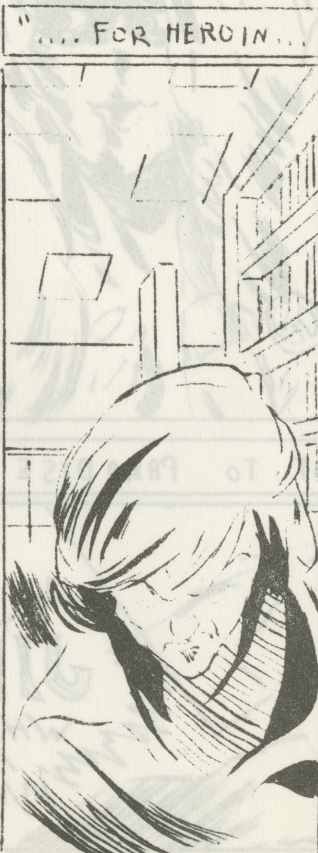
BYE NOW.

"I SAT WONDERING WHAT HAD POSSESSED ME. I, A HOPELESS HEROIN ADDICT, WAS INVOLVING AN INNOCENT WOMAN IN MY WRETCHED LIFE!"

"PERHAPS ... IF I WAS ABLE TO OVERCOME THE FLASHBACK MINUTES BEFORE, I COULD ACTUALLY CURE MYSELF OF THIS LIVING DEATH BY CONCENTRATING..."



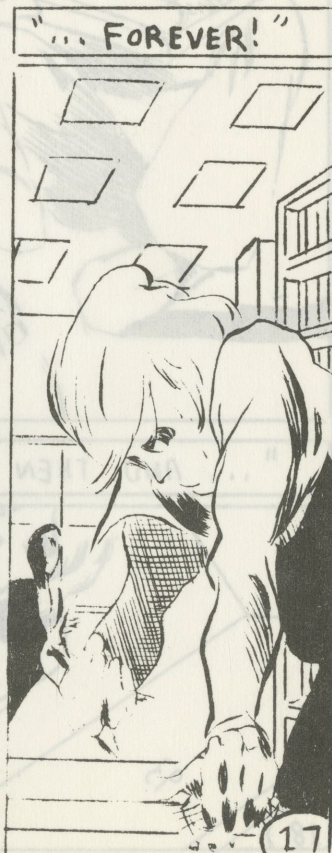
"... ON THE NEED..."



"... FOR HEROIN..."

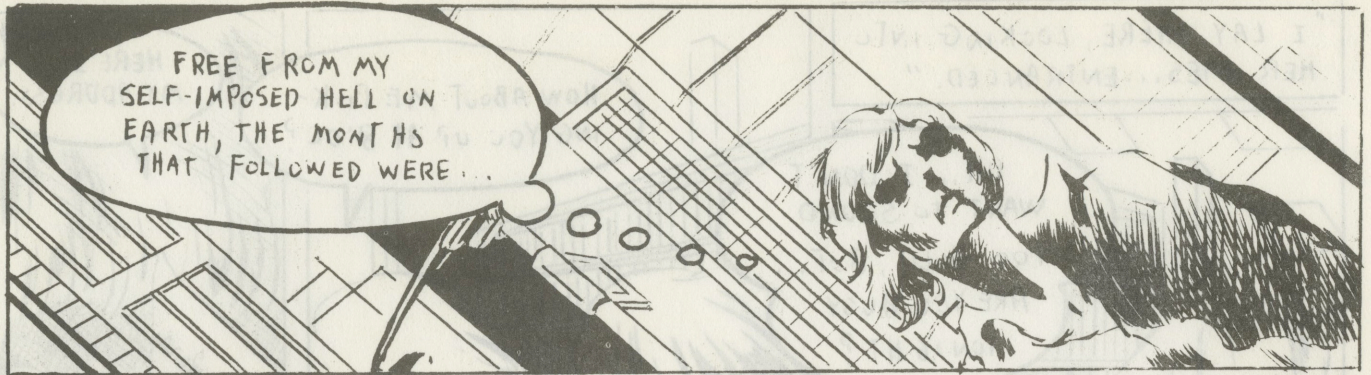


"... AND OBLITERATING THE DESIRE..."

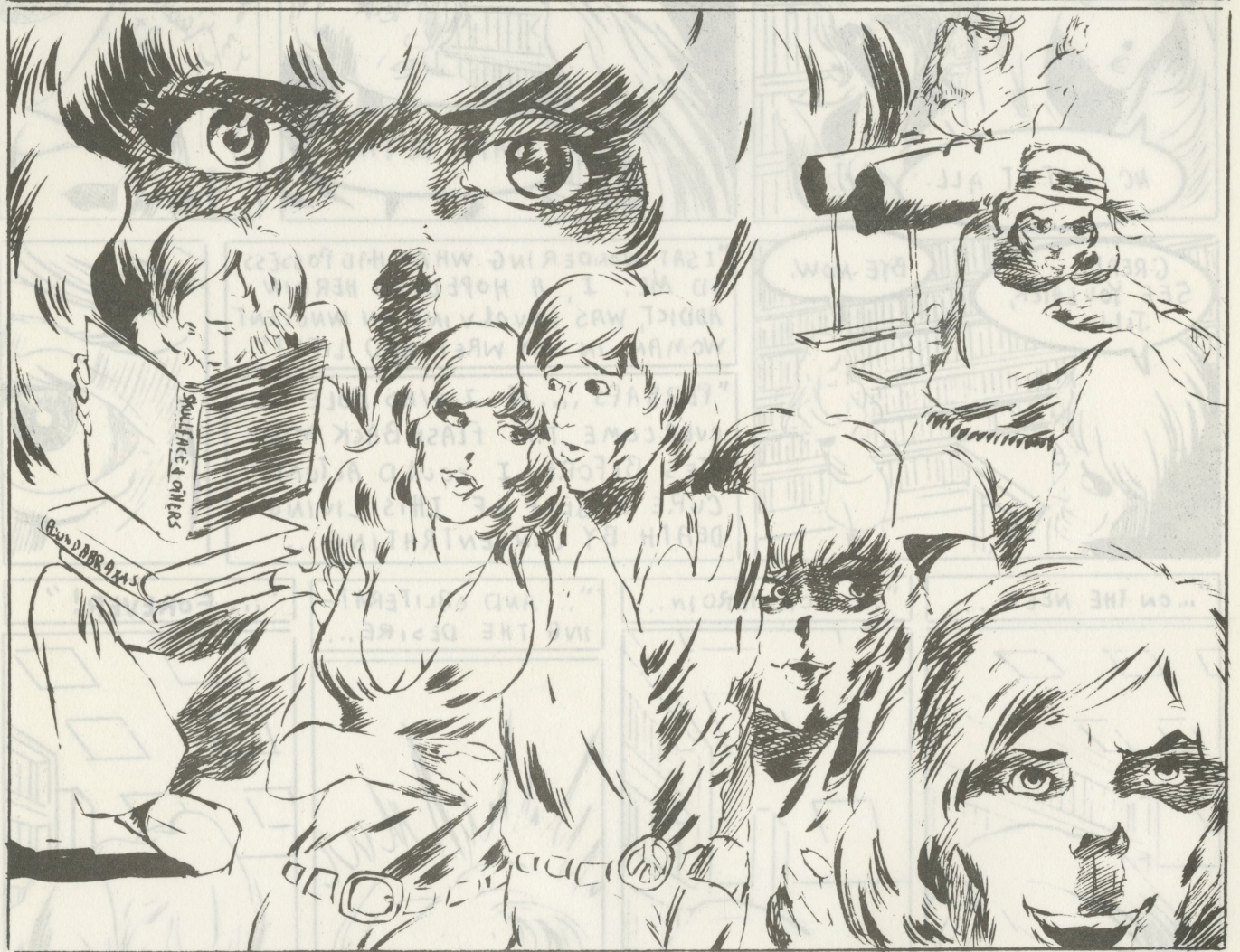


"... FOREVER!"





"..... SPENT IN A DREAM-LIKE STATE OF EUPHORIA."



"... AND THEN CAME THE SERPENT TO PARADISE ..."

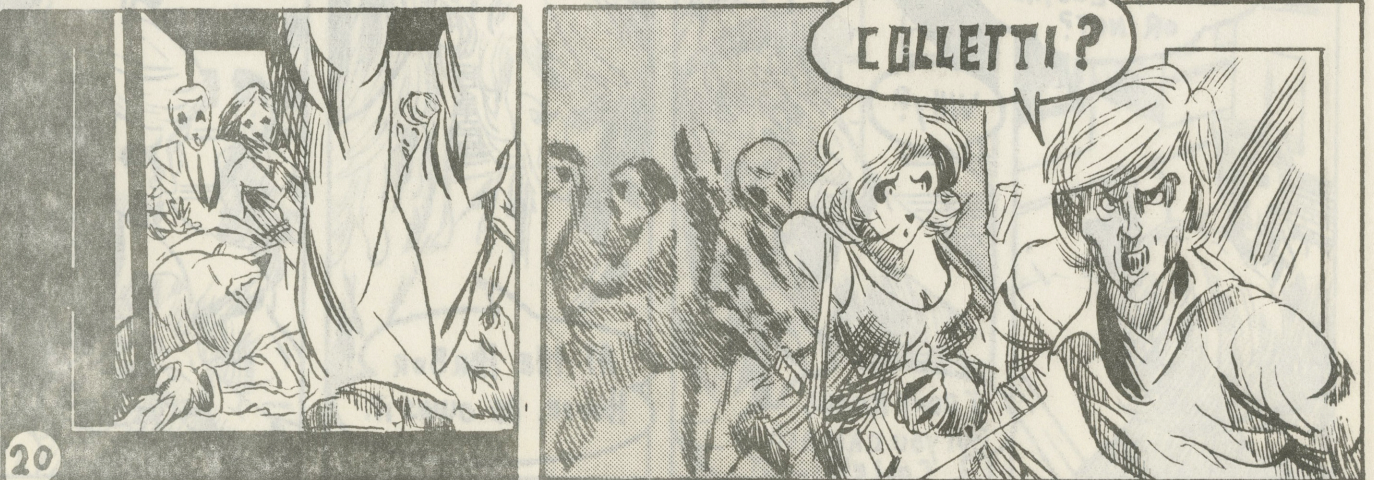
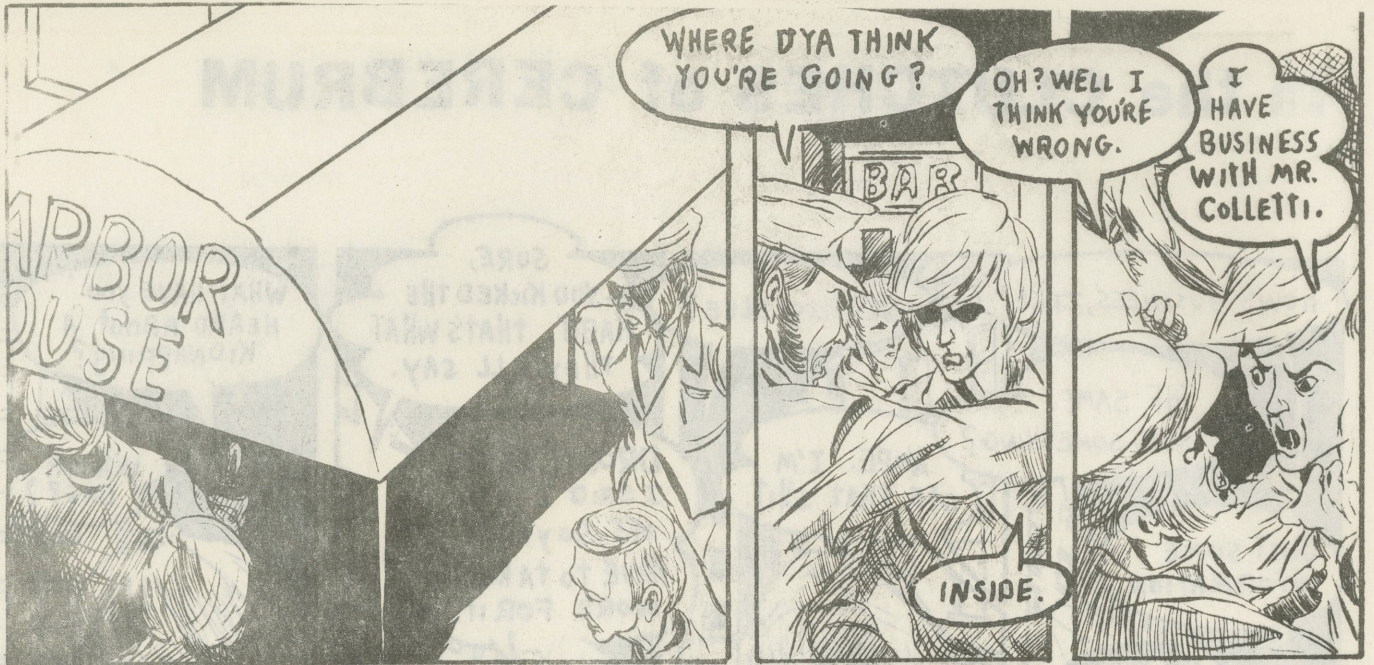




# In the CLUTCHES of CEREBRUM











YES?

I WANT TO  
TALK TO YOU.  
IN PRIVATE.



WHO ARE YOU?



DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT.



IN  
HERE.



I HEAR YOU WERE INVOLVED  
IN A KIDNAPPING LAST  
NIGHT.



WHO TOLD  
YOU THAT?

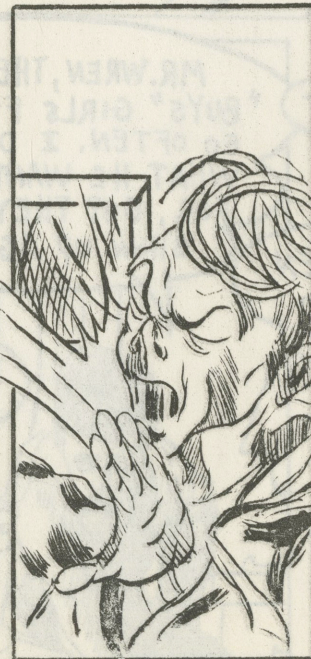


I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS.  
IS THE RUMOR TRUE?

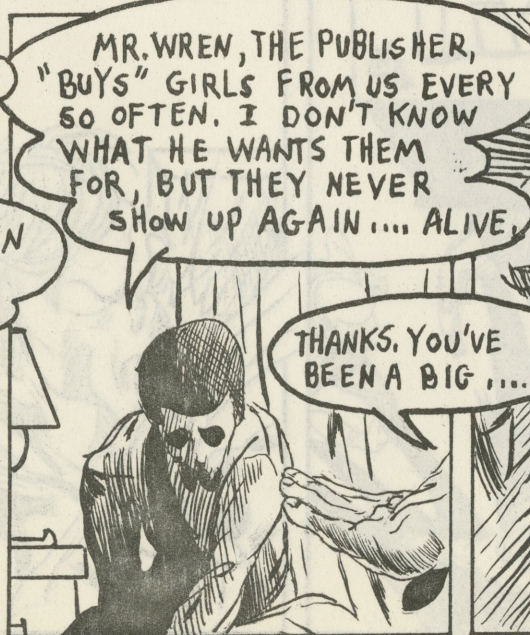
HELL, NO! SOME-  
BODY'S LYING!



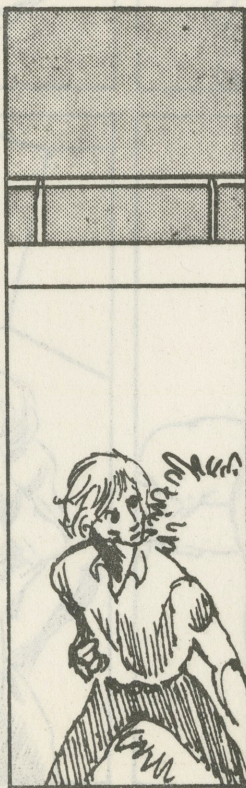
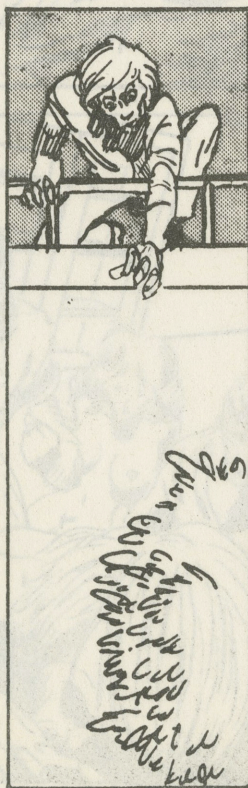
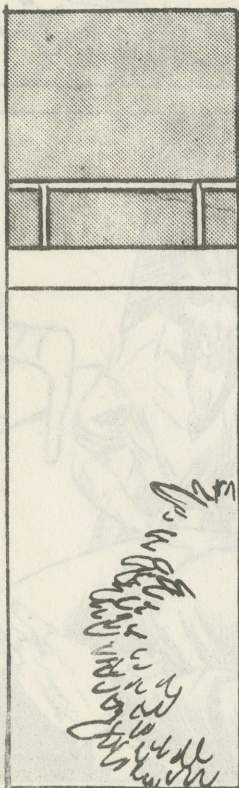
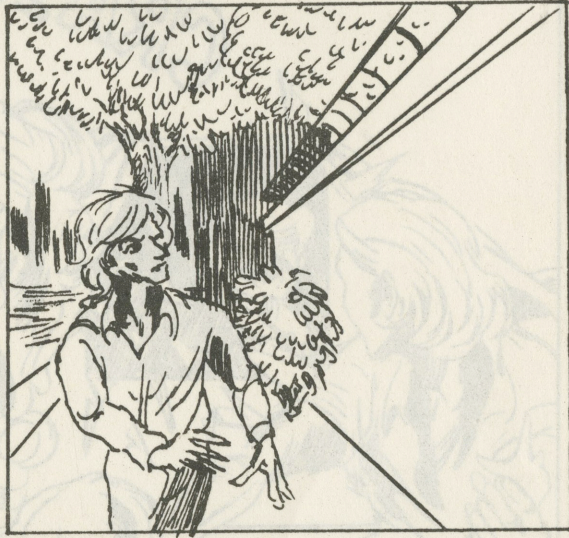
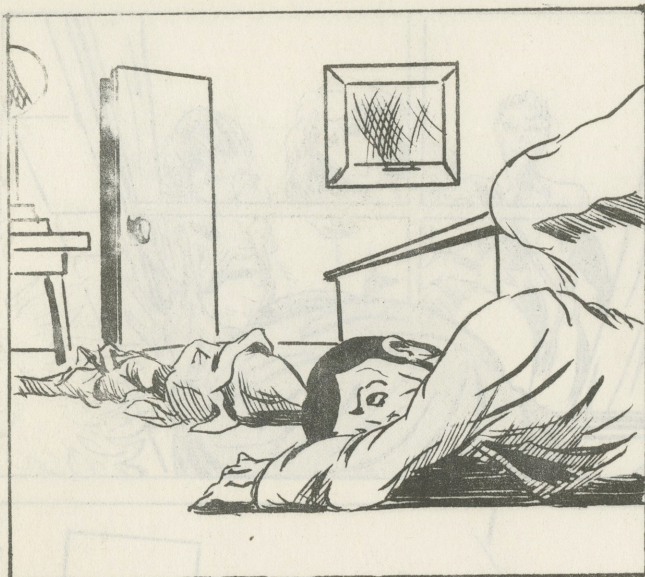
YEAH-YOU. NOW,  
WHERE IS SHE?











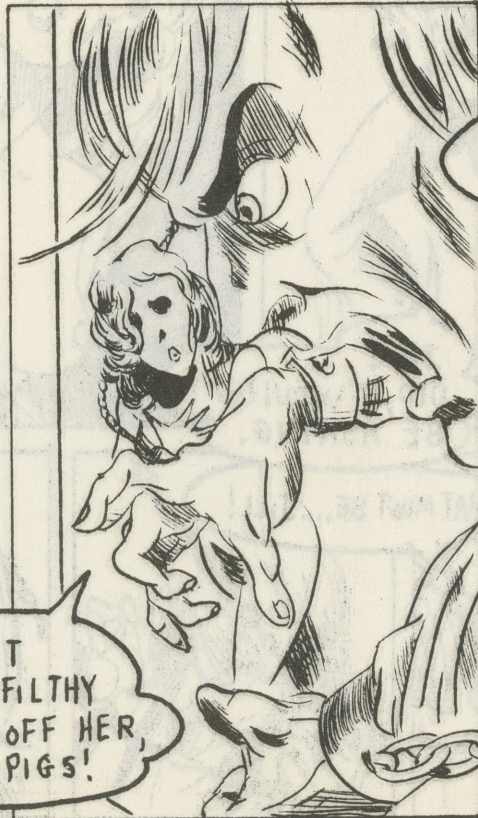
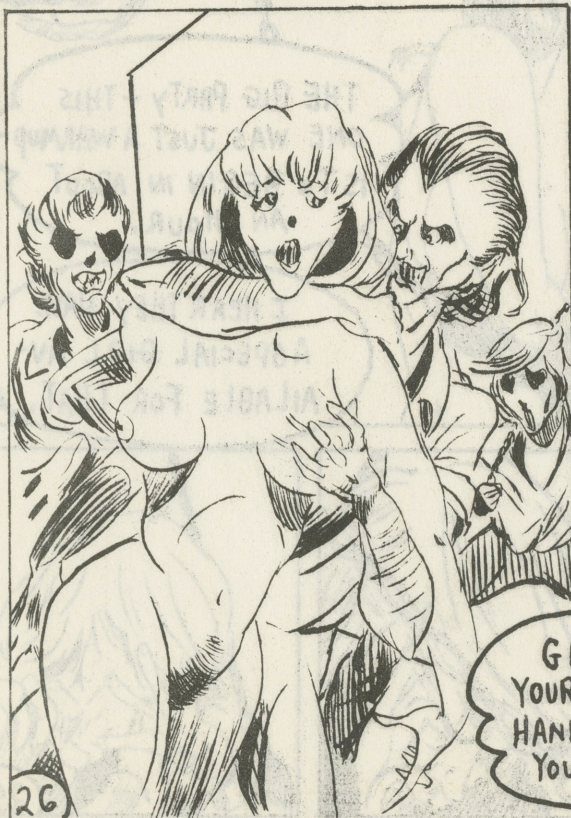
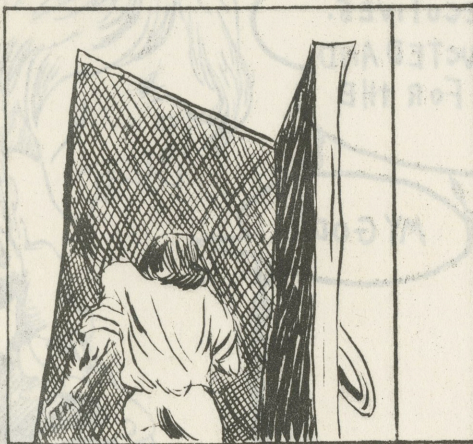
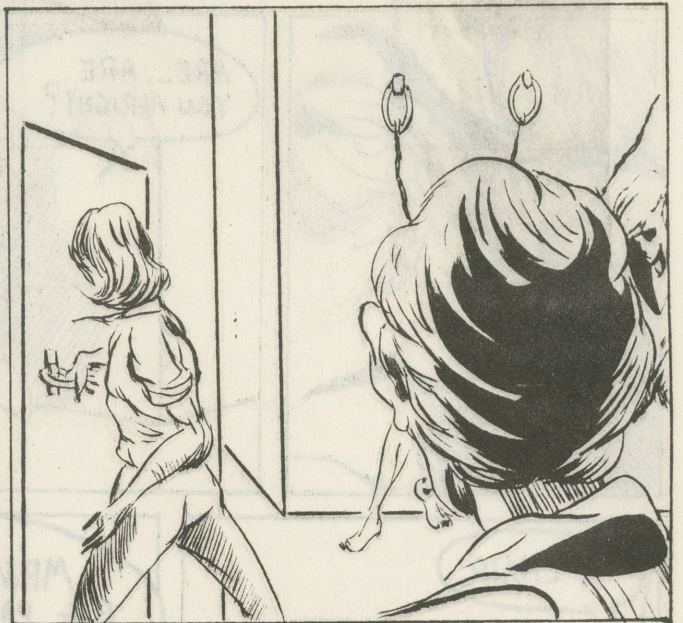
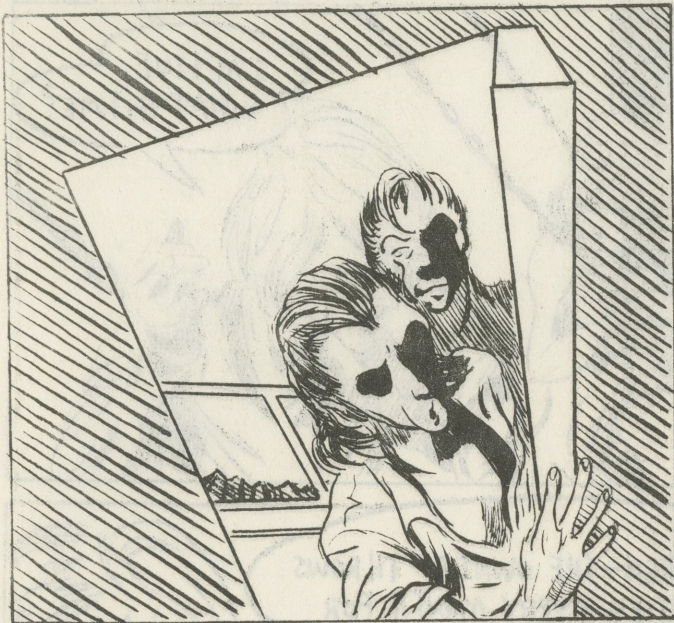








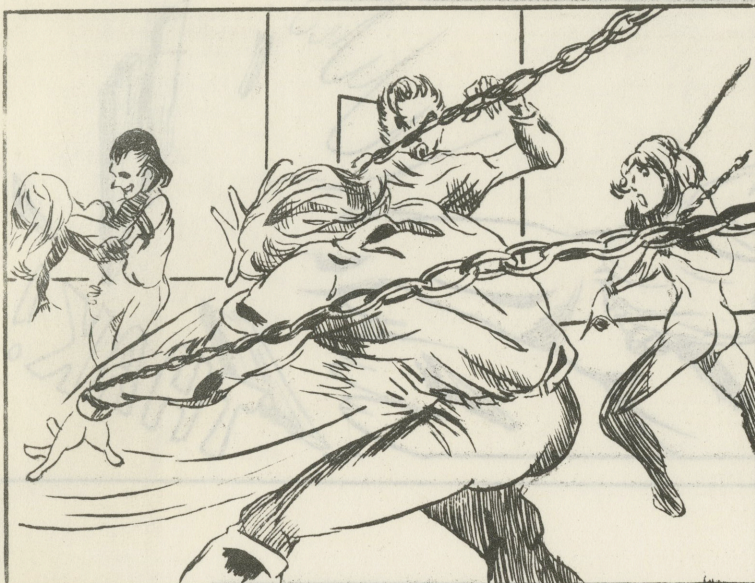




GET  
YOUR FILTHY  
HAND OFF HER,  
YOU PIGS!

SHUT UP,  
SHITHEAD.





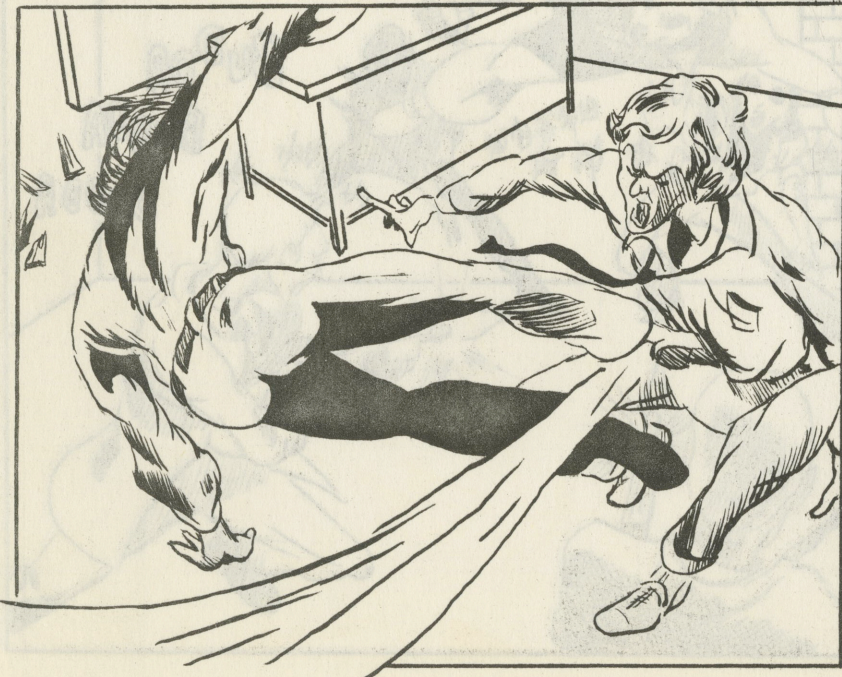
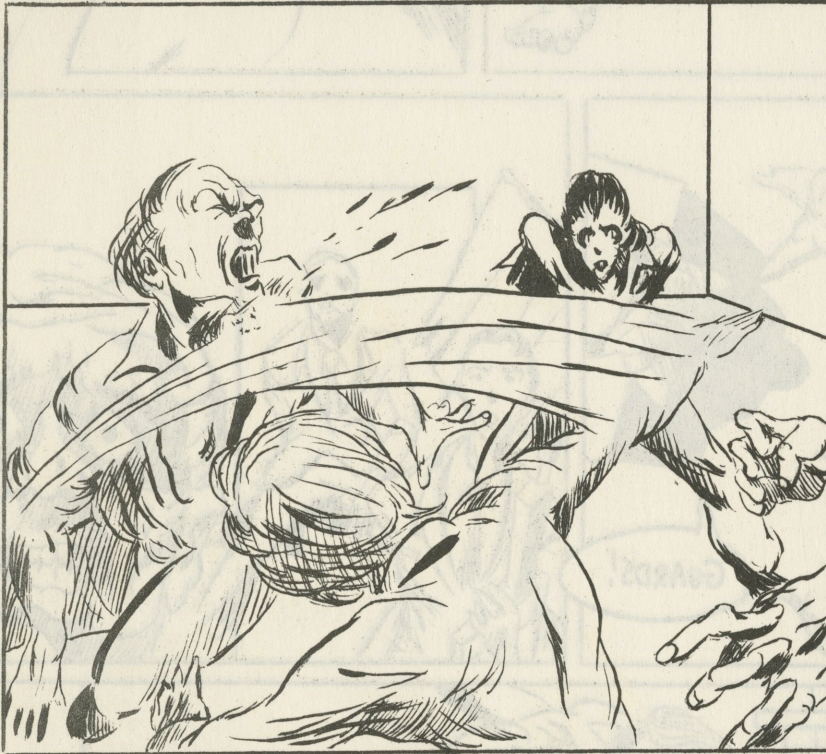
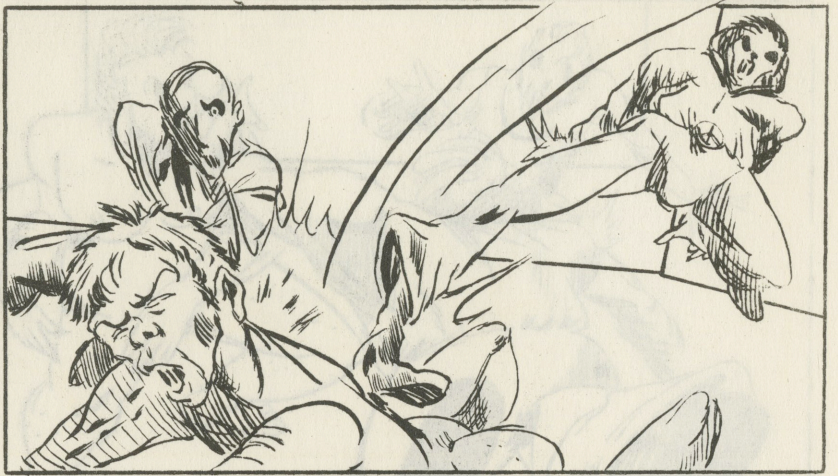
AFTER REPEATING  
THE PROCESS ON  
HIS OTHER HAND...



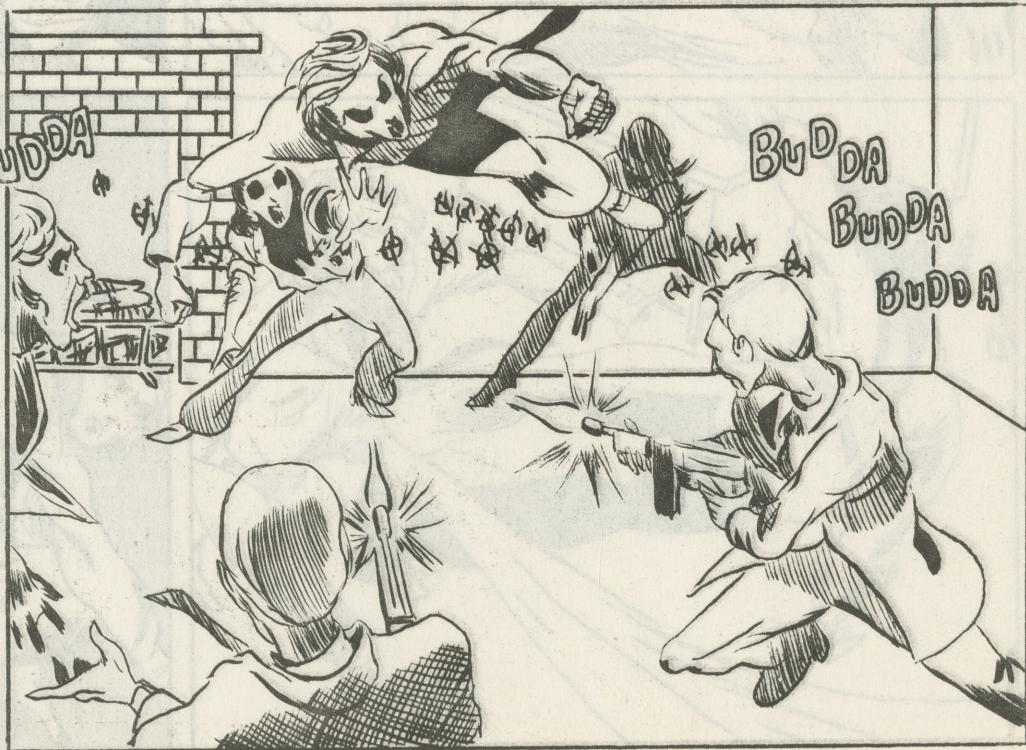
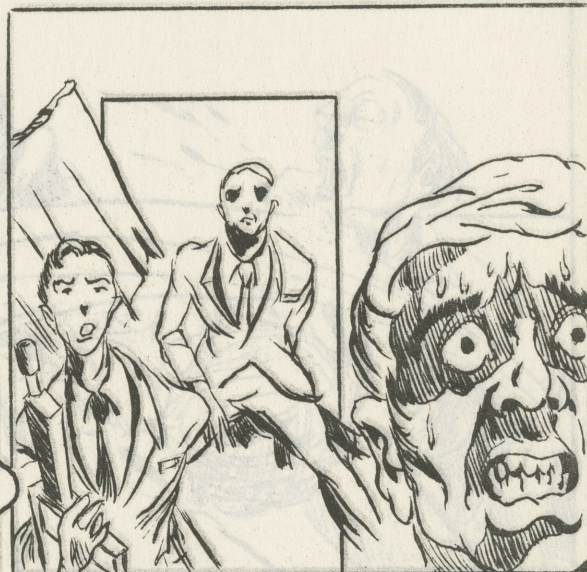




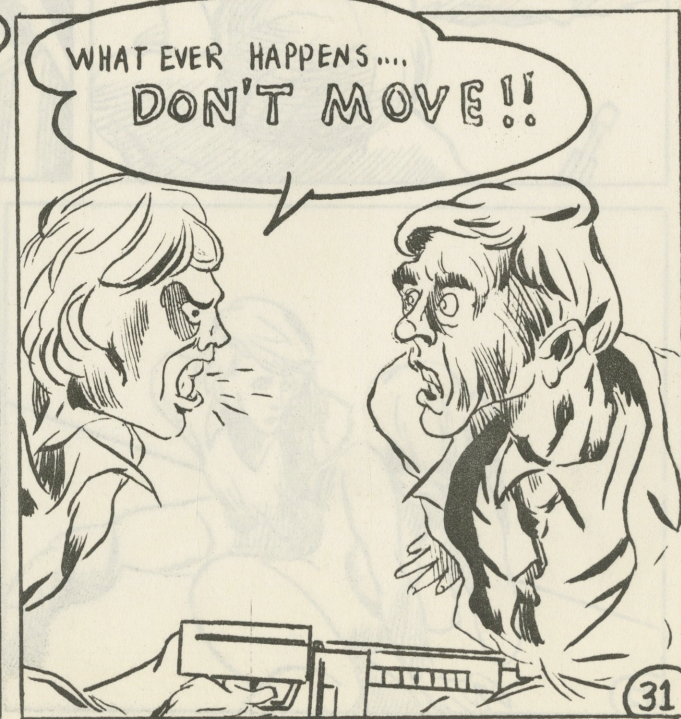
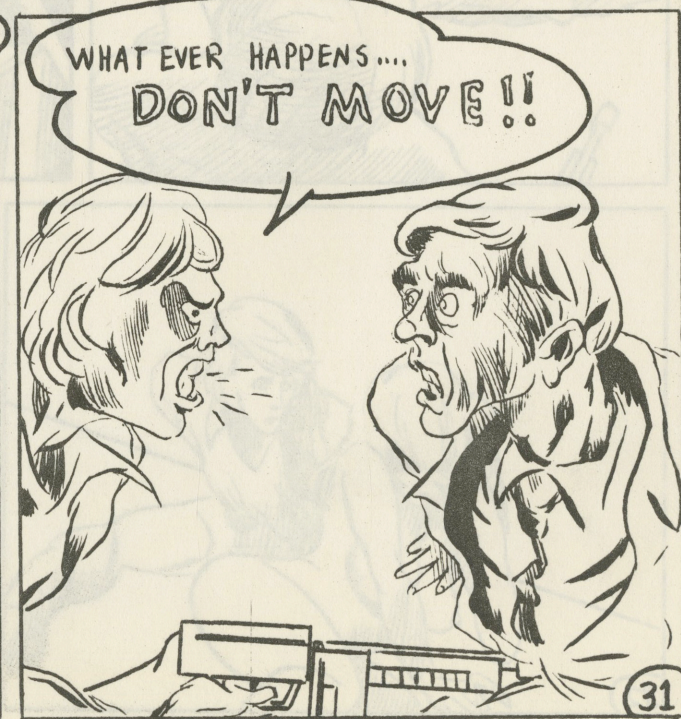
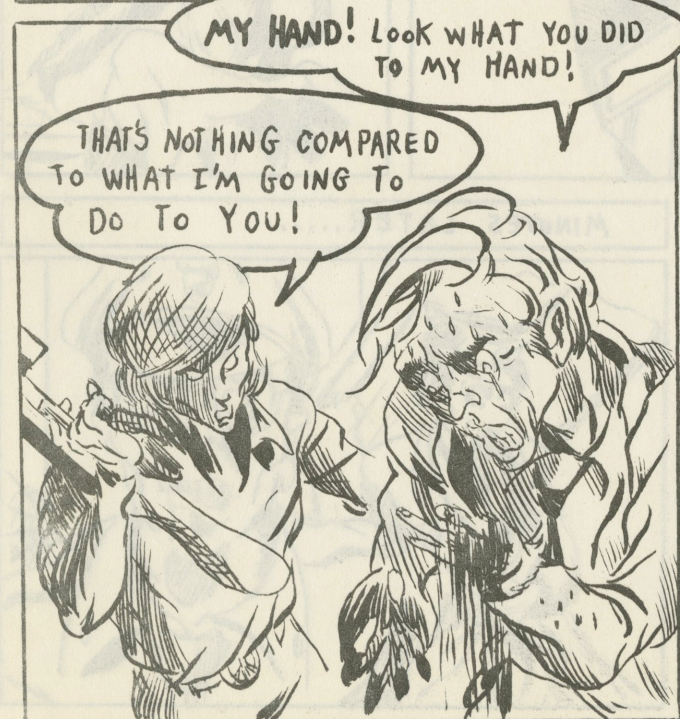
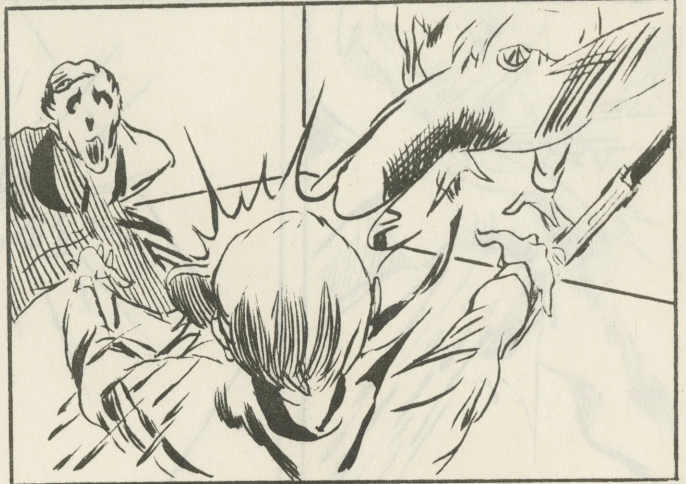
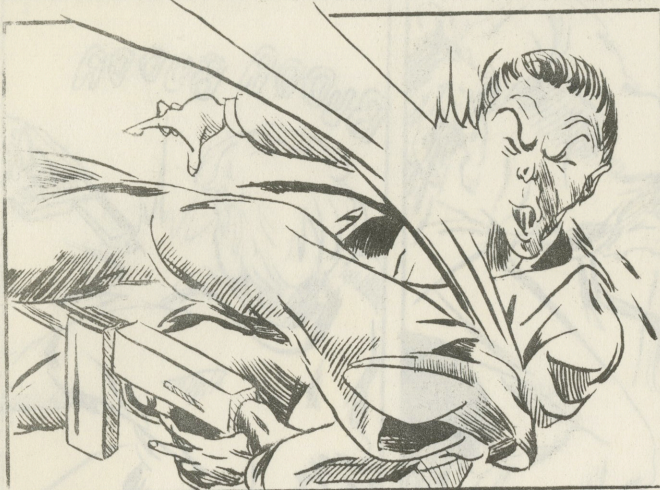




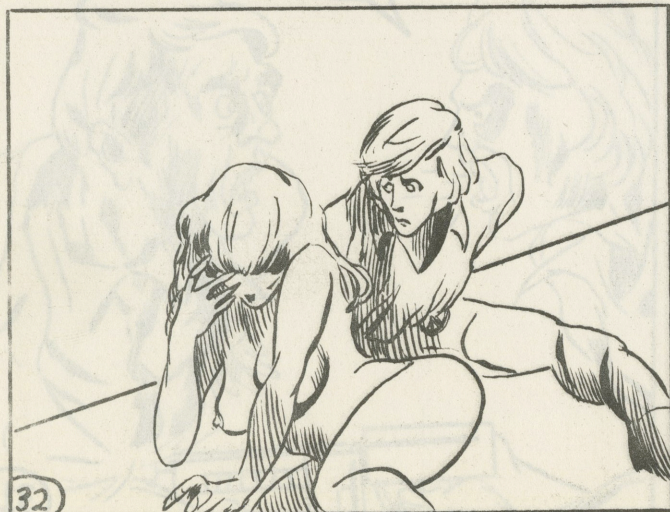
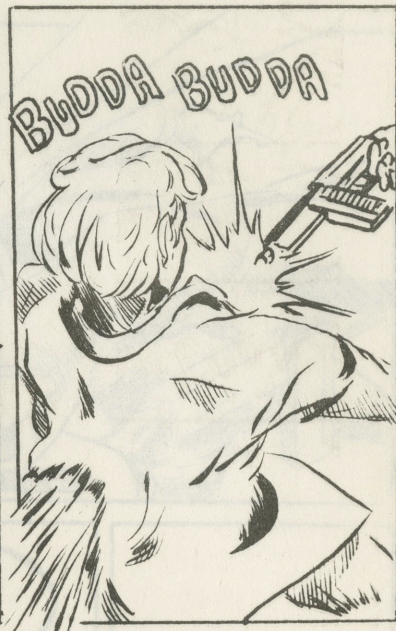
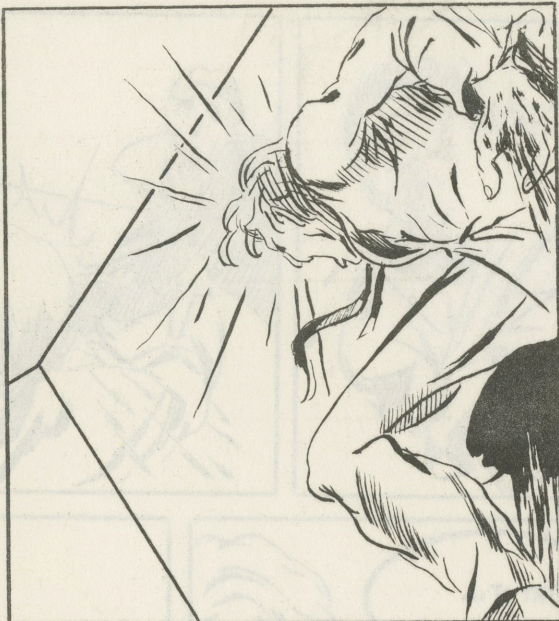




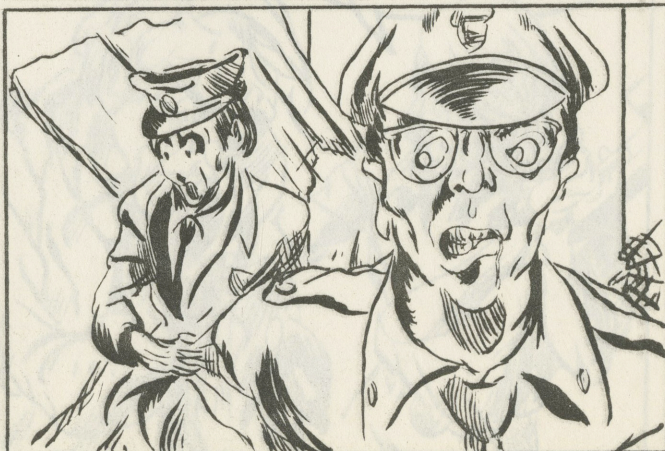




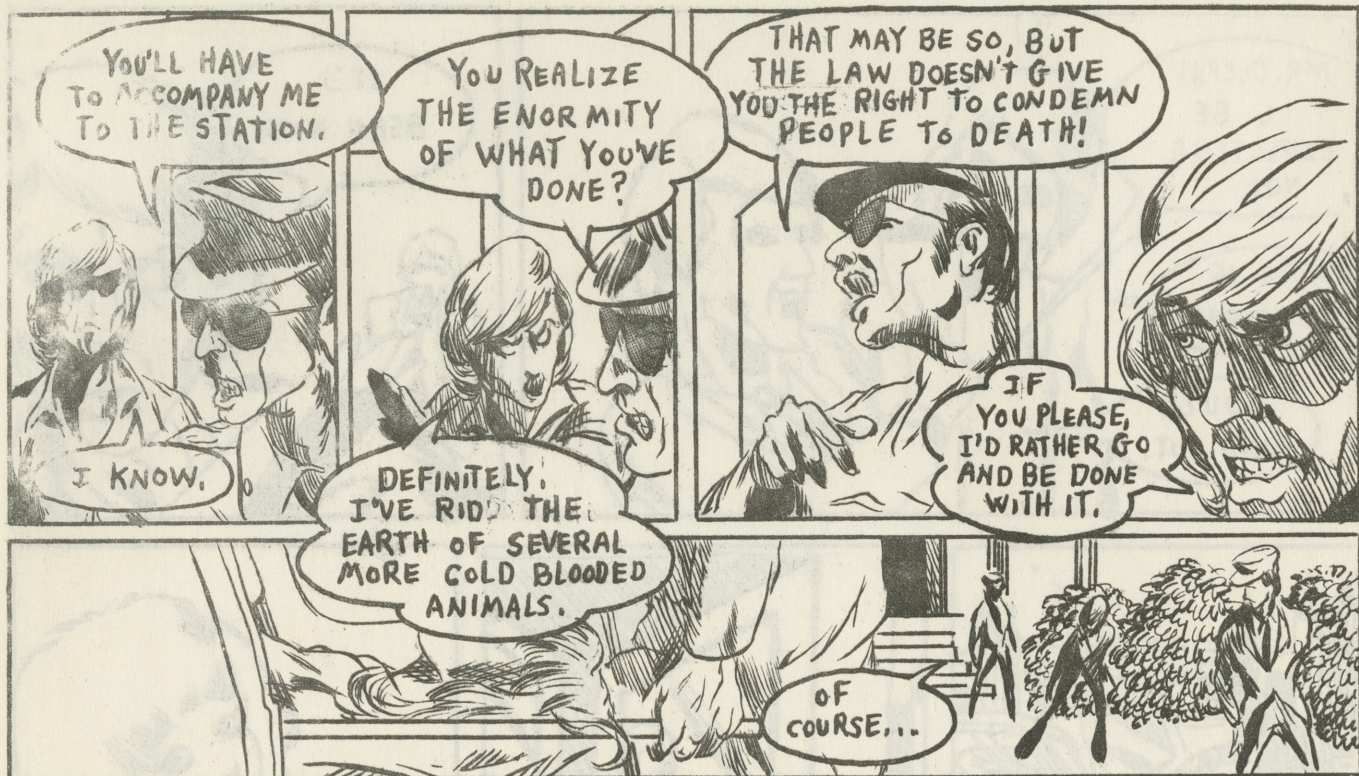




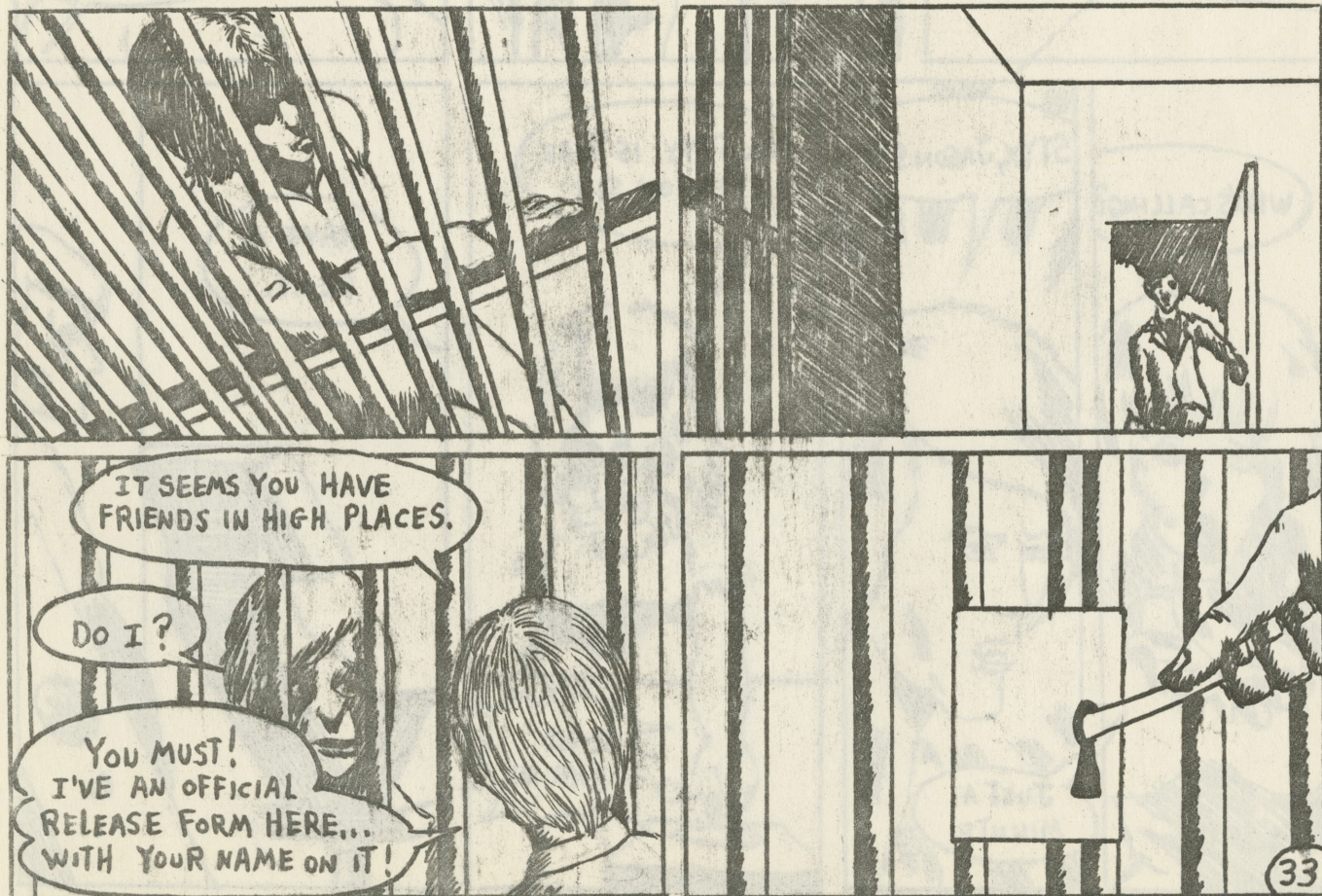
MINUTES LATER.....



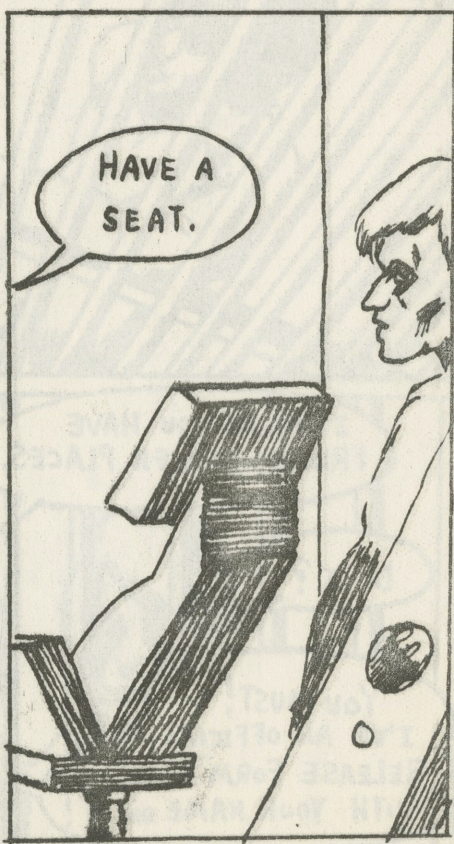
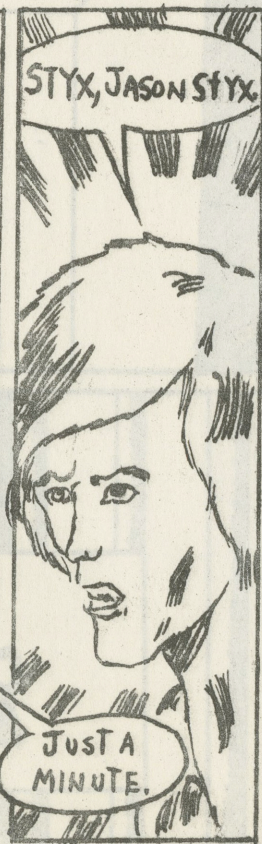




## DEATH COMES A'CALLING









I'VE BEEN STUDYING YOUR SKILLED... ELIMINATION... OF SEVERAL RATHER UNDESIRABLE INDIVIDUALS.

✓ ACCORDING TO WITNESSES—THE FEW THAT LIVED—YOU HANDLED YOURSELF WITH MORE-THAN-PROFESSIONAL SKILLS. A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION OF YOUR BACKGROUND, HOWEVER, SHOWS THAT YOU DROPPED OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL,

AND TURNED TO DRUGS FOR THE "ANSWER".

YOU RECEIVED NO TRAINING IN THE OBVIOUS PHYSICAL SKILLS YOU EXHIBIT, YET YOU UTILIZE THEM ON A PARA-NORMAL SCALE. HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THIS?

I DON'T! IF YOU HAVE NEED OF MY ABILITIES—AS I SUSPECT YOU DO—I THINK WE CAN REACH AN AGREEMENT WITHOUT A LOT OF SMALL TALK.

ALL RIGHT, YOUR PAST IS OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE. OUR FUTURE IS,

THIS BUREAU OPERATES UNDER GOVERNMENT SANCTION, BUT IS TOTALLY UNCONNECTED WITH THE GOVERNMENT. TO BE BRIEF—WHAT WE DO IS LIQUIDATE CERTAIN FIGURES...

...WHO, DESPITE HARSH LEGAL MANEUVERS, REMAIN ABOVE THE LAW. THERE ARE TWO LAWS. THE FIRST IS THE LAW OF THE GOVERNMENT; THE SECOND...

... IS OURS. THE PENALTY FOR BREAKING THE FIRST SET OF LAWS IS, USUALLY, IMPRISONMENT; THE PENALTY FOR EVADING THE LAWS OF THE...

...FIRST... IS THE PENALTY OF THE SECOND...  
**DEATH!**

SHOULD YOU DECIDE NOT TO WORK FOR US, OR SHOULD YOU DECIDE TO DESERT US AT ANY TIME, AN OPERATIVE WILL ELIMINATE YOU WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

I UNDERSTAND.

GOOD! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT. FROM THIS POINT FORWARD, YOU WILL FUNCTION UNDER THE CODE NAME MR. D... FOR DEATH!



RODRIGUEZ GONZALES' -  
MEXICAN SLAVE TRADER.

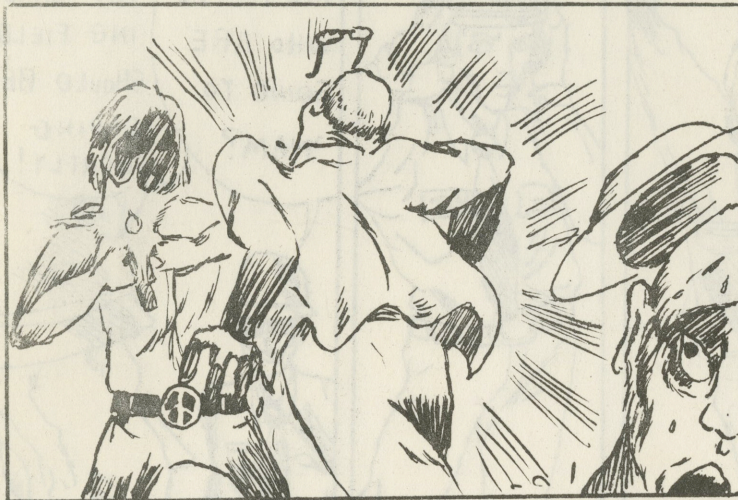
VITO RITOLLI -  
MAFIA CAPO.

CHEIUN' SUI -  
TONG ASSASSIN.

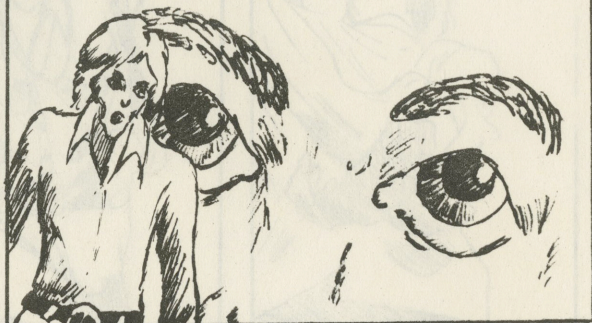
KARL REINHOLTZ -  
NAZI WAR CRIMINAL.



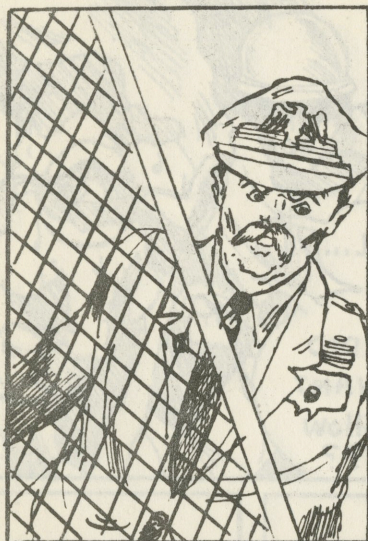
AND FINALLY—DR. SCI-MINH, CONG SCIENTIST.



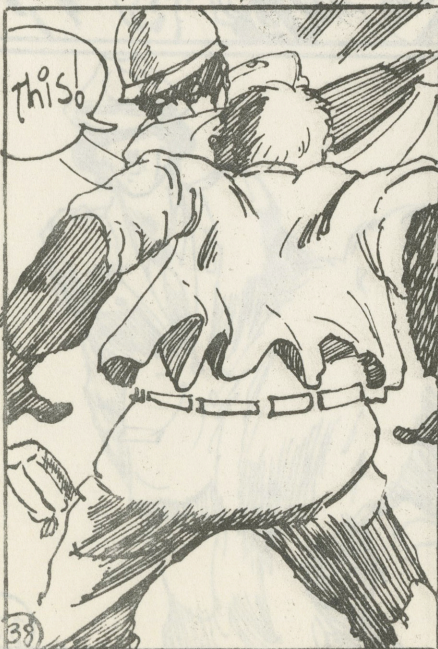
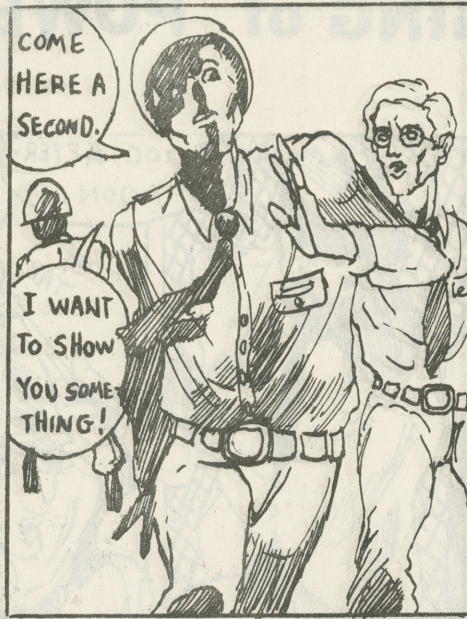
YEP, IT'S SURE BEEN FUN. BUT NOW I HAVE TO FIND THE RADIOACTIVE PRISONER I FREED... BEFORE THE RADIOACTIVITY BECOMES DORMANT!



## A MERGING of POWERS

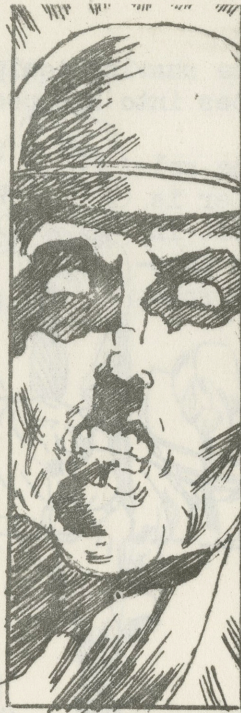
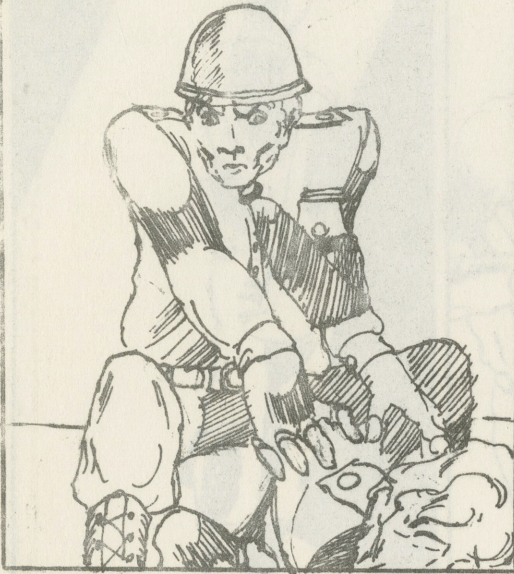








Death switches clothes...



After changing his face to match the other's, he ties him up.



He empties the unconscious soldier's shaving kit out...





Into the empty shaving kit he puts eight "eggs"...

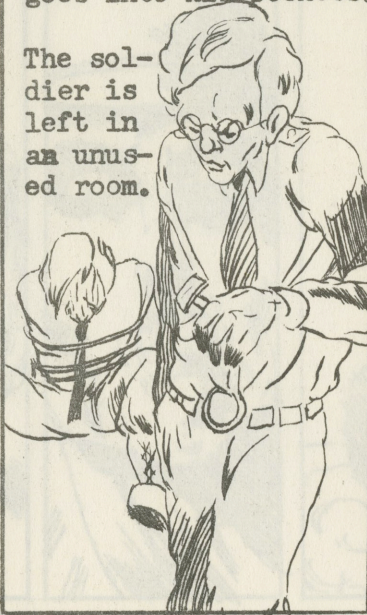


each of which is a weapon in itself.

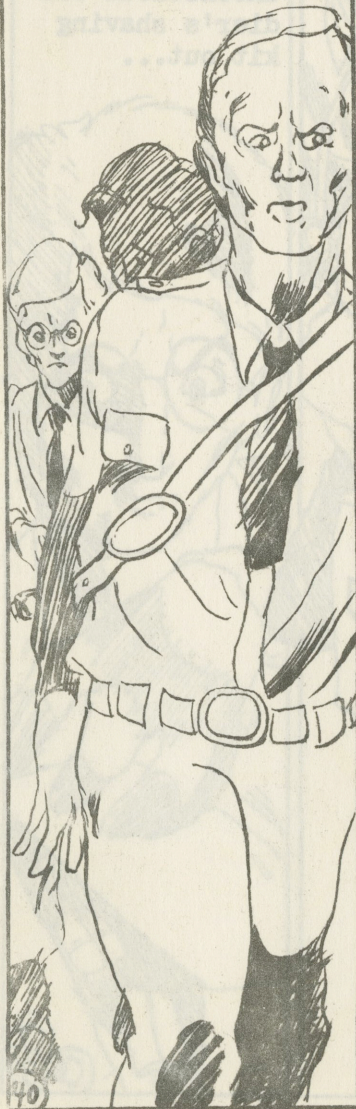


The shaving equipment goes into his pockets.

The soldier is left in an unused room.



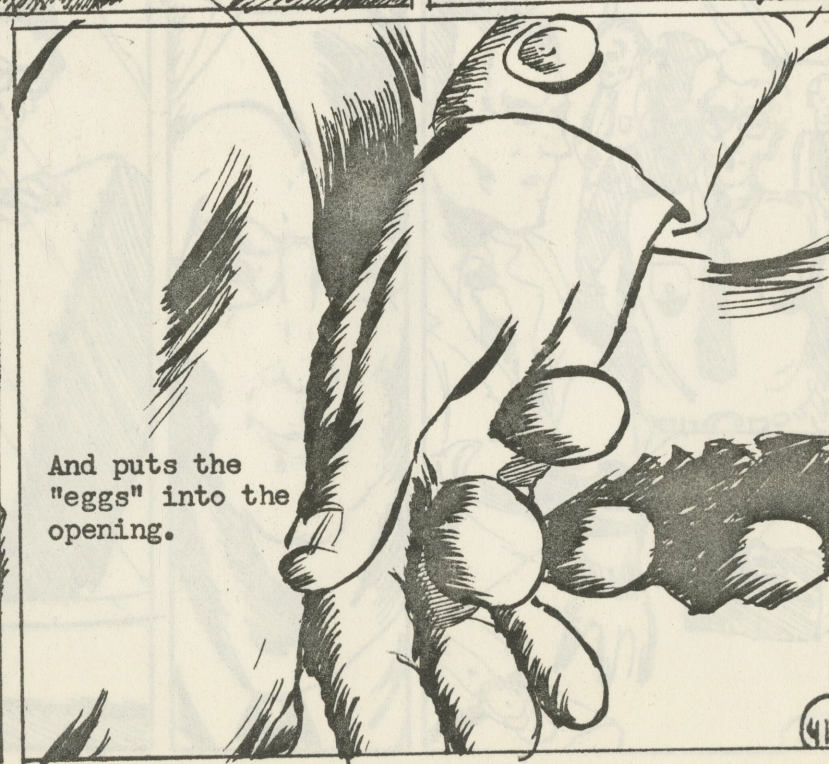
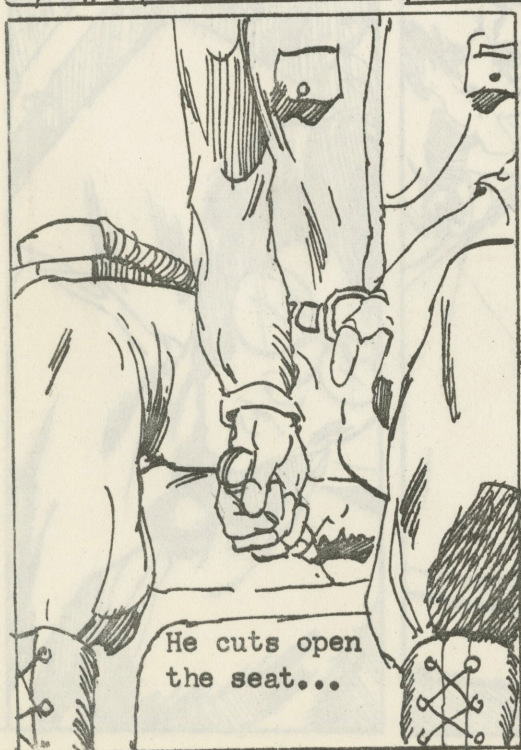
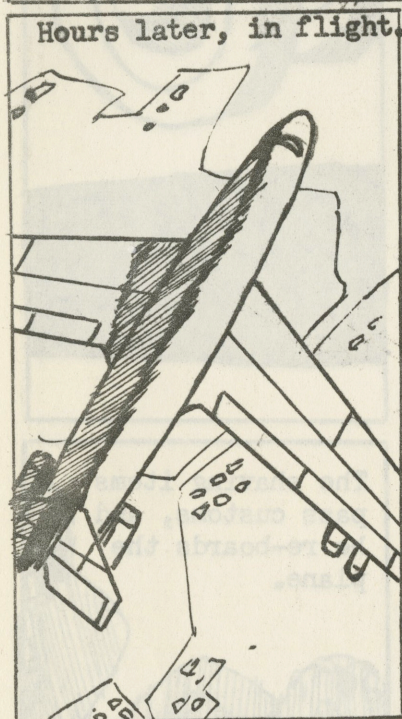
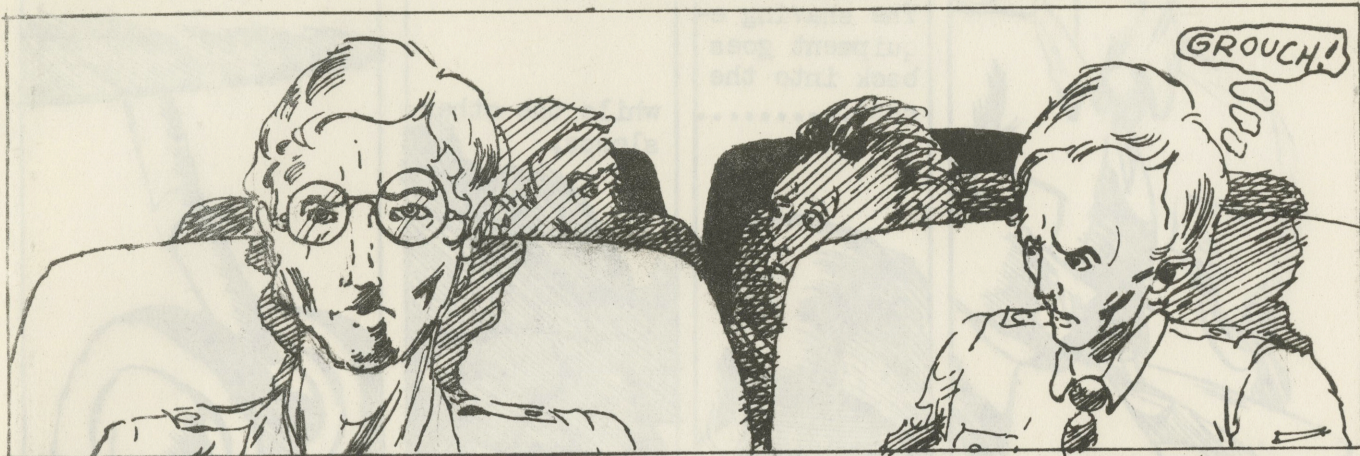
Using the stolen ID ...he boards the plane.



HI! MY NAME'S BOLAN. BILL BOLAN!

THATS NICE, MACK.





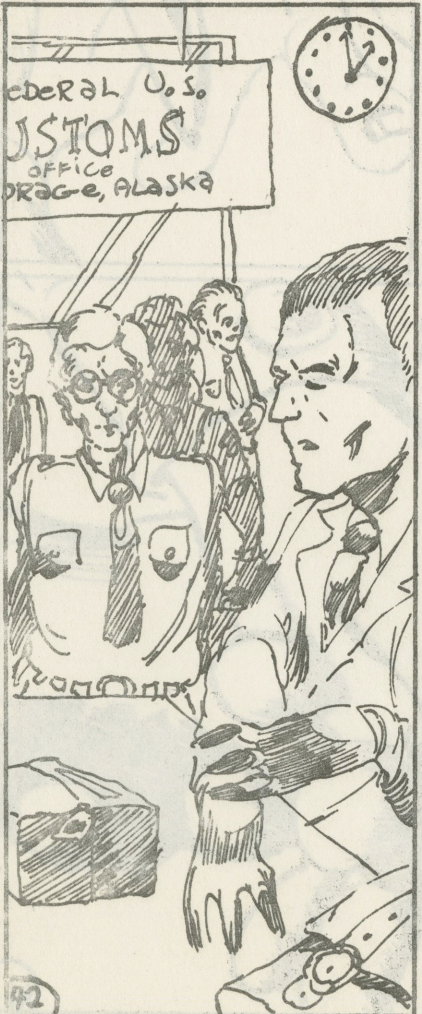




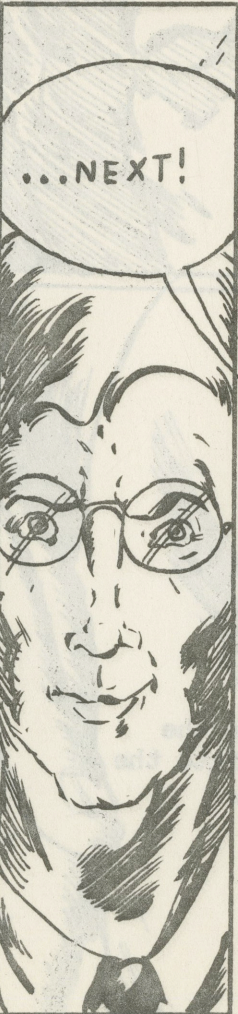
The shaving equipment goes back into the case.....



while the other sleeps.



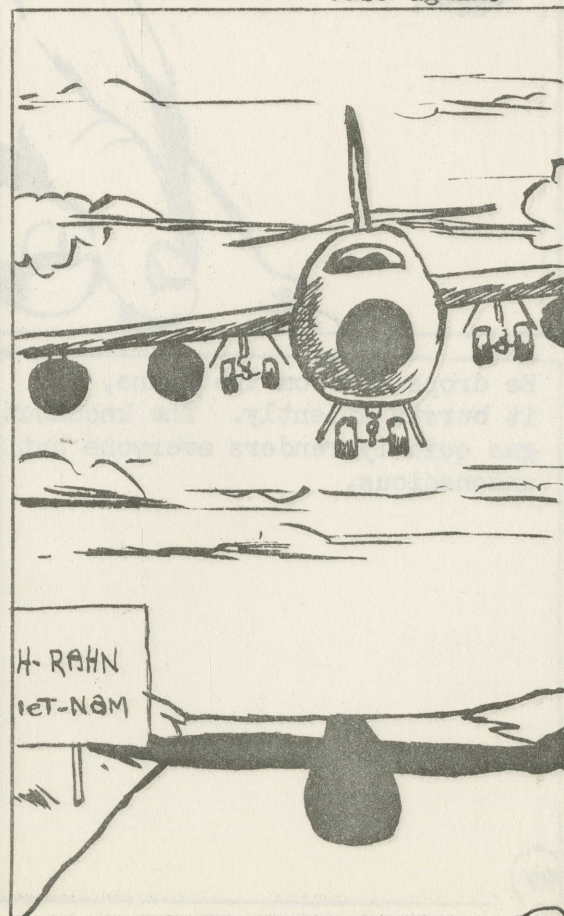
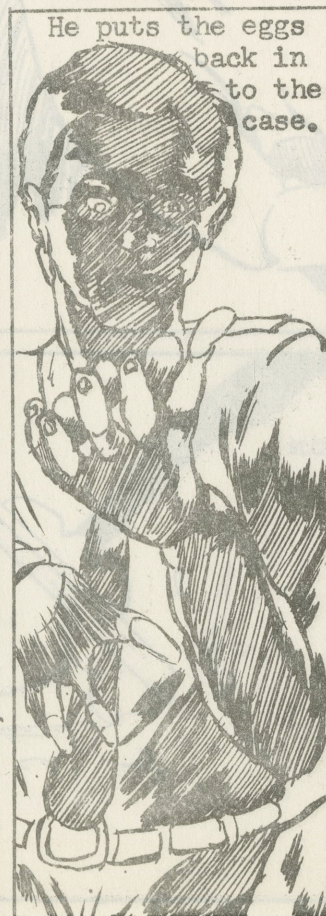
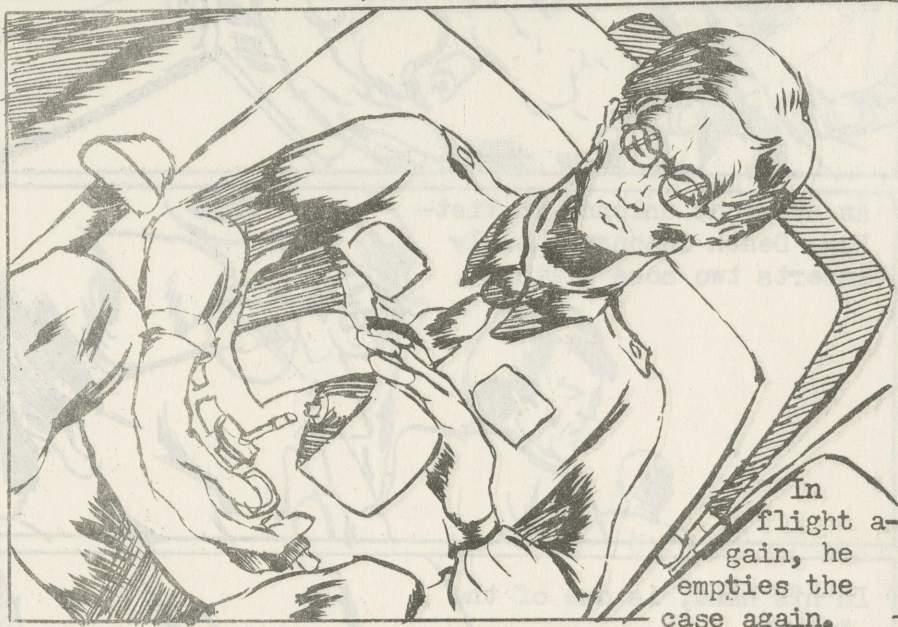
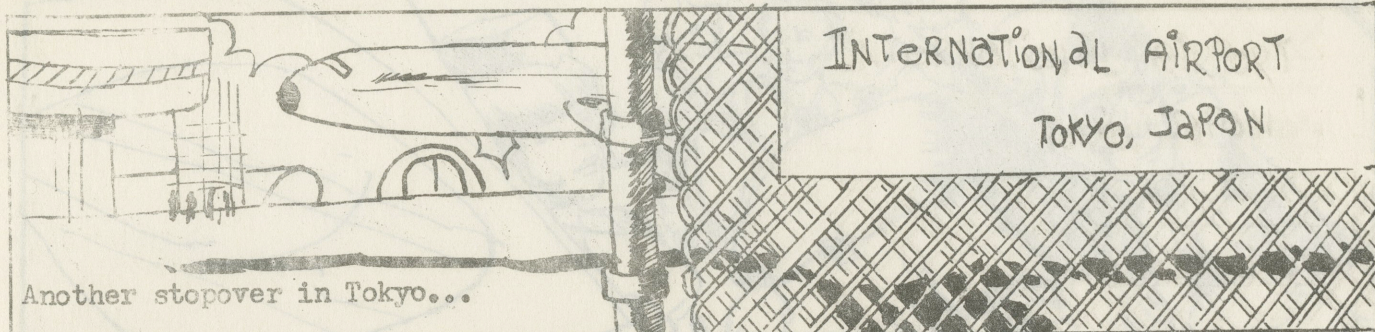
...NEXT!



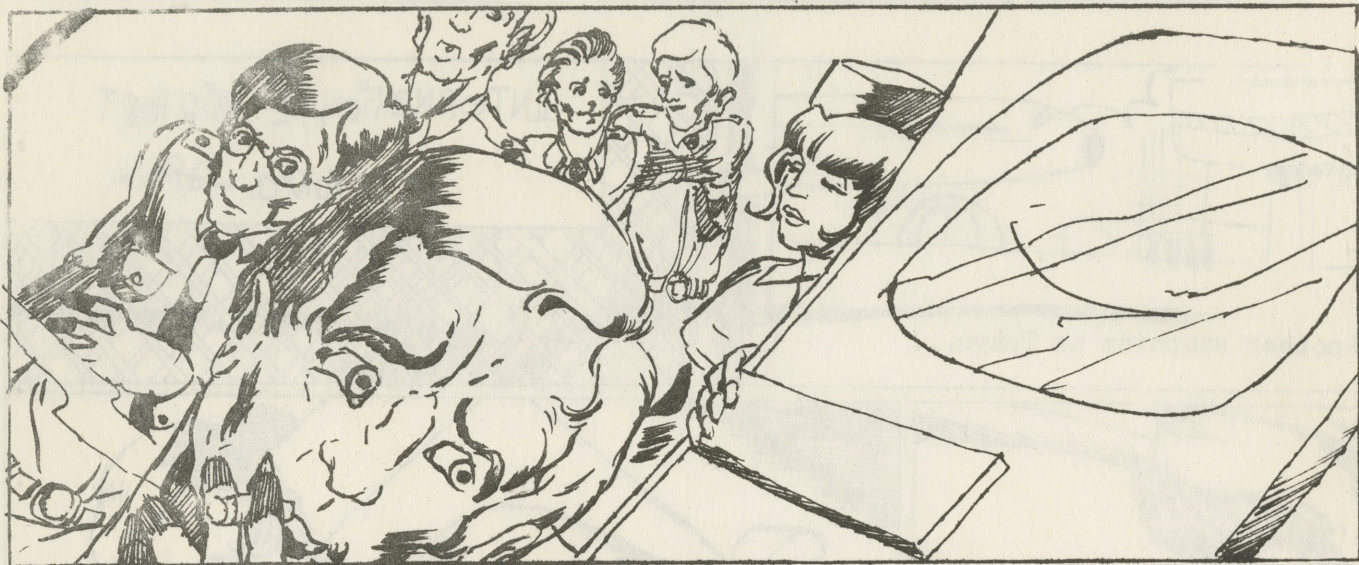
The shaving items pass customs, and he re-boards the plane.







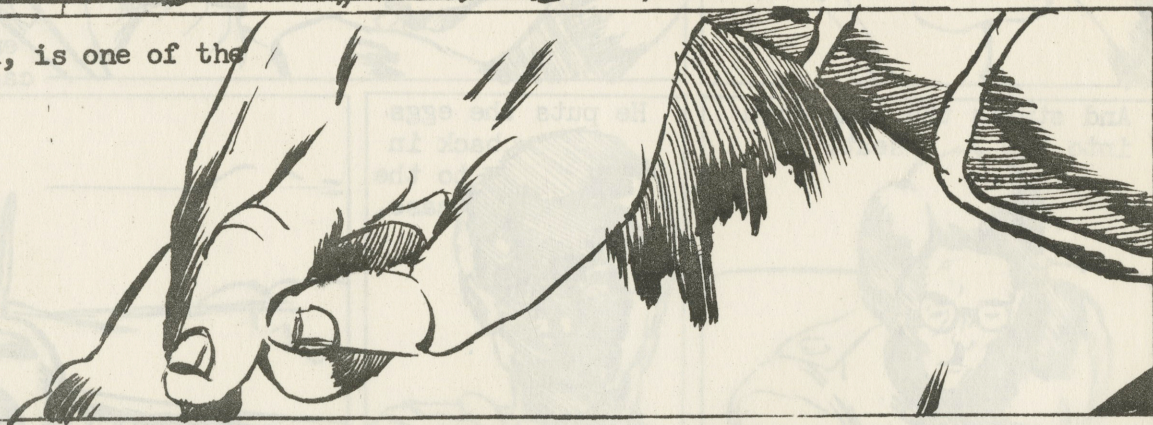




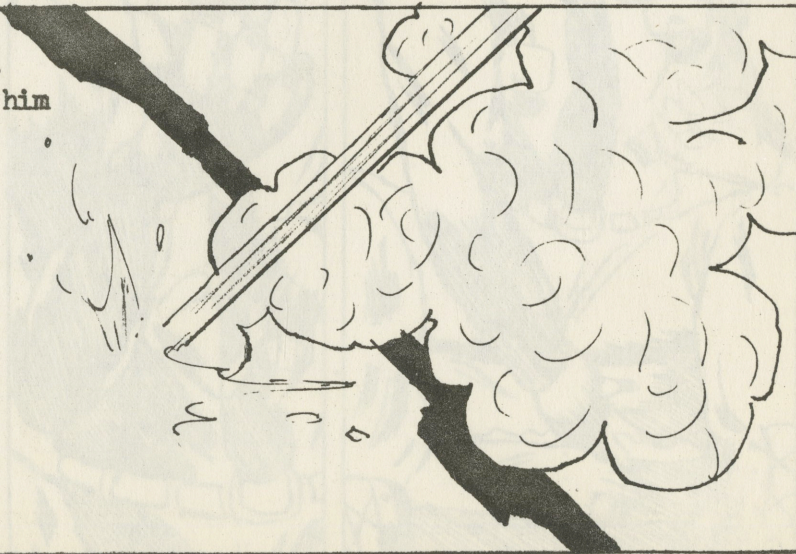
As everyone unloads in Viet-Nam, Death inconspicuously inserts two nose filters .



In his hand, is one of the "eggs".



He drops it from the plane, and it bursts silently. The knockout gas quickly renders everyone but him unconscious.







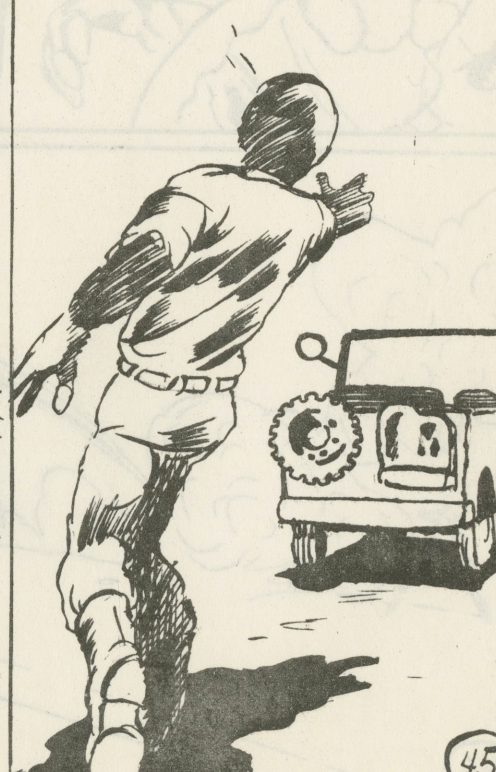
He leaps over the rail...



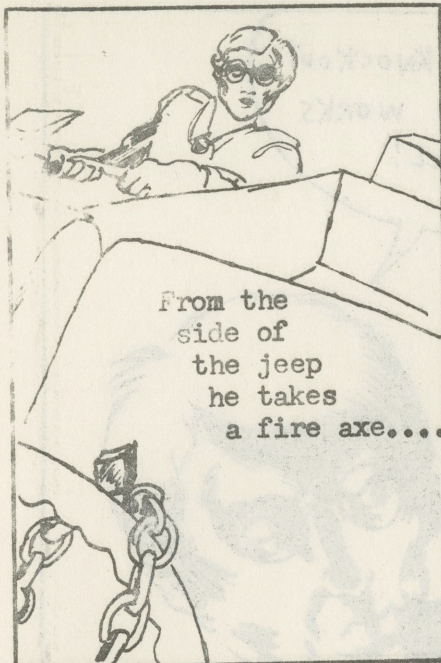
...and runs swiftly...



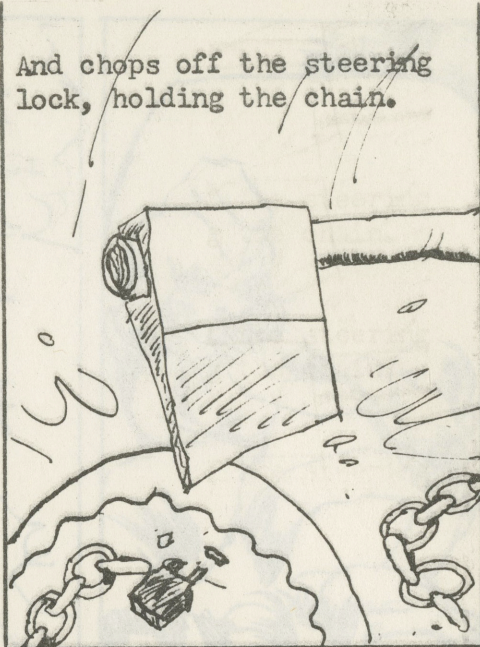
...to a jeep.







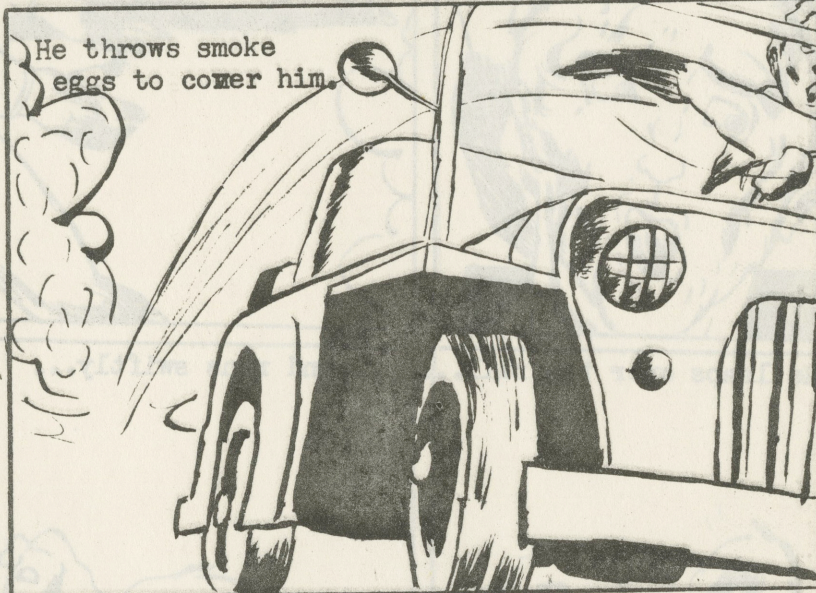
From the  
side of  
the jeep  
he takes  
a fire axe....



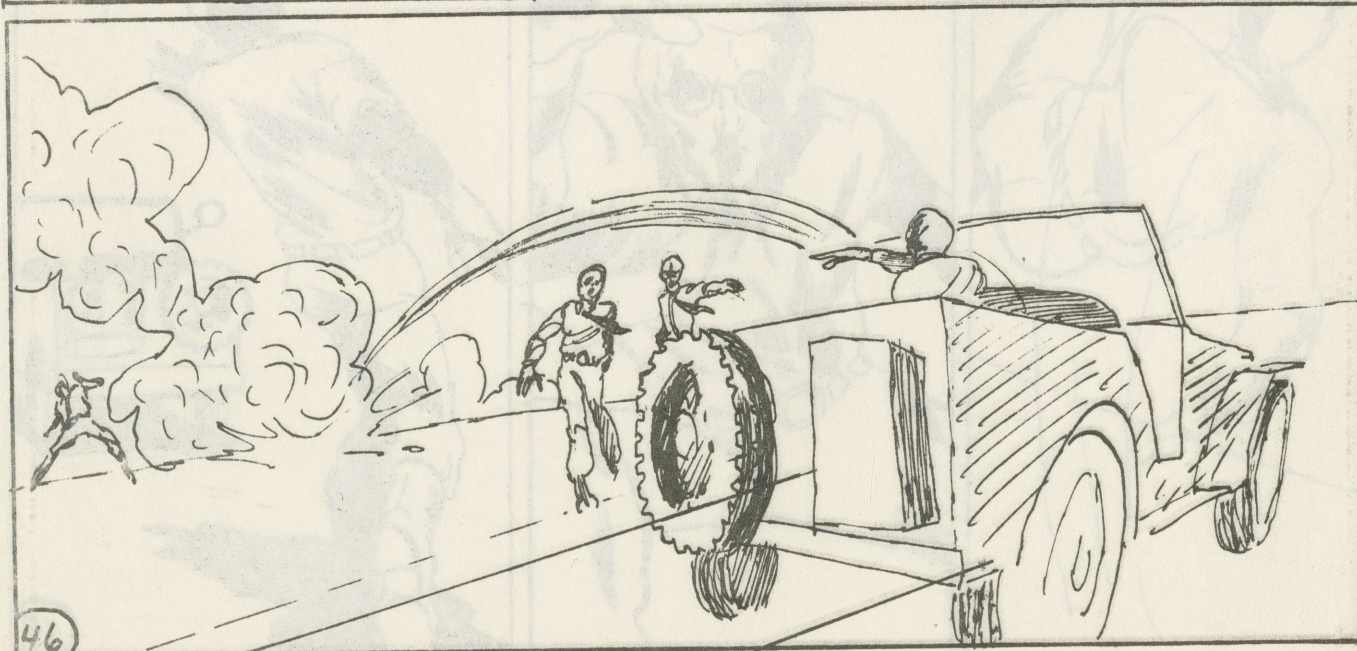
And chops off the steering  
lock, holding the chain.



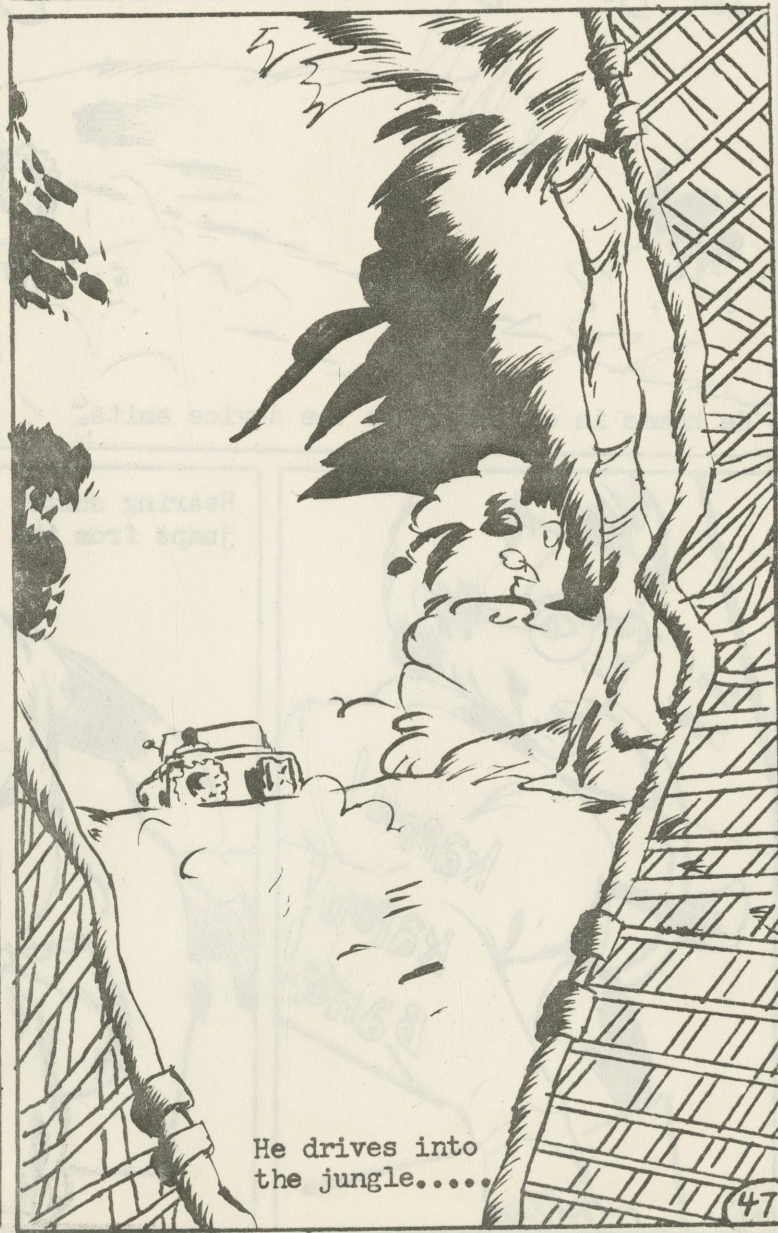
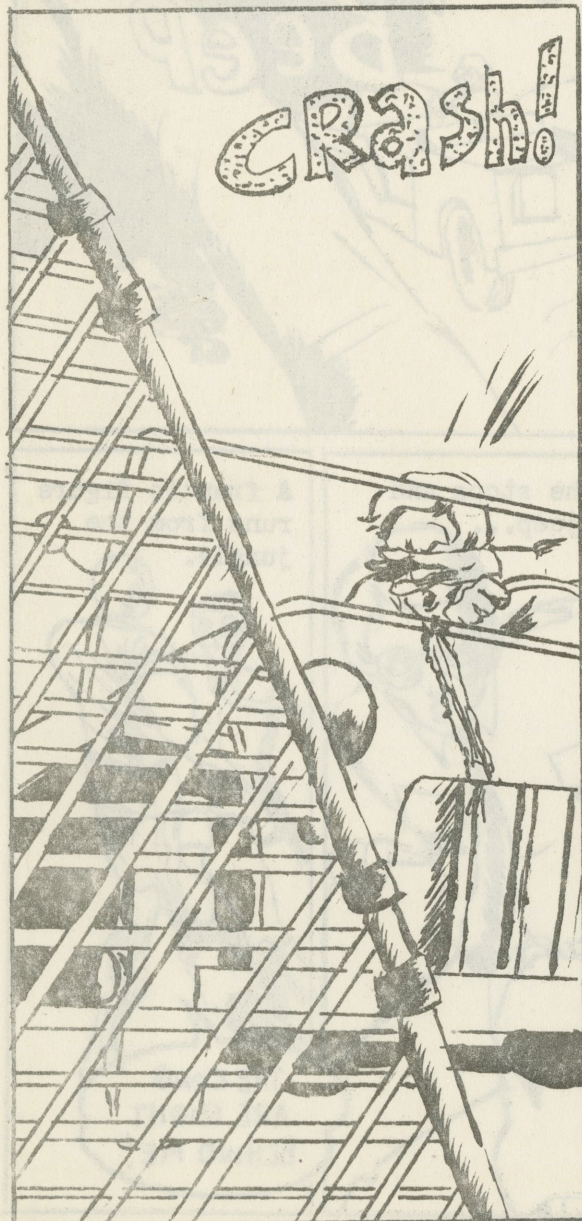
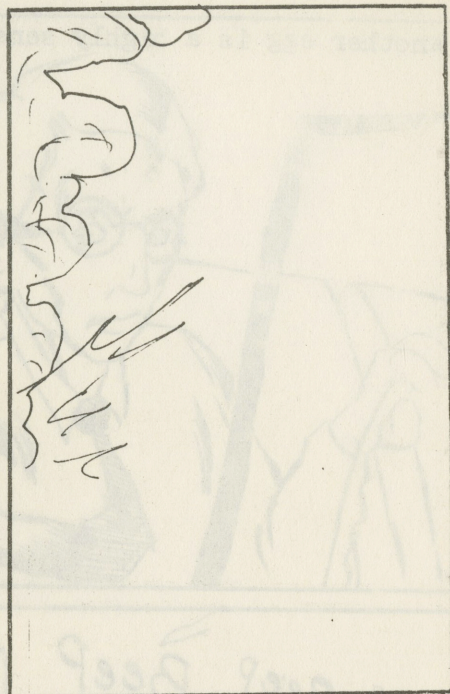
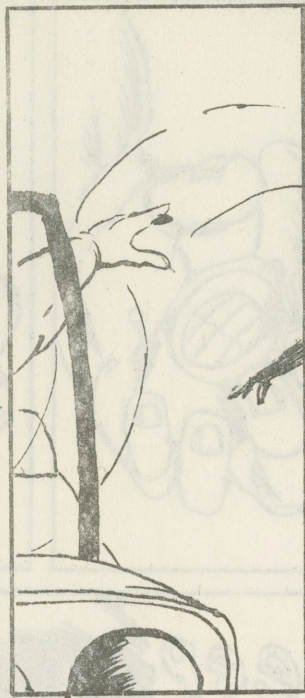
He starts the jeep and,  
driving across the base...



He throws smoke  
eggs to cover him.

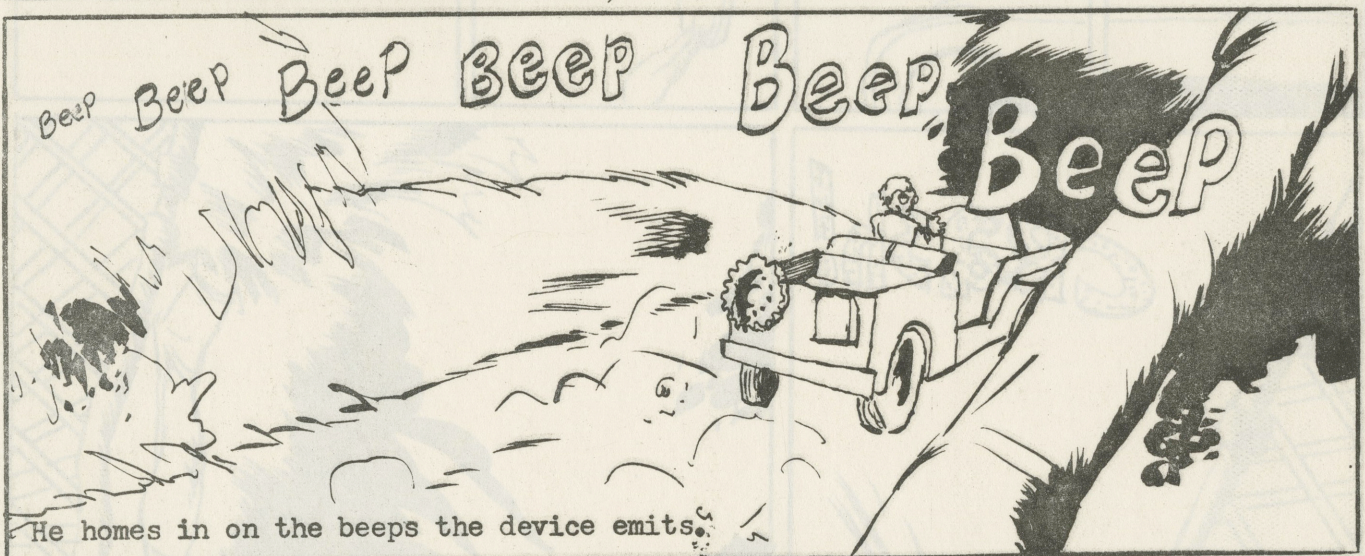
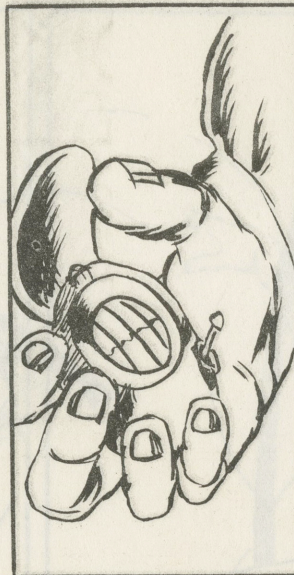








Another egg is a highly sensitive radiation meter.



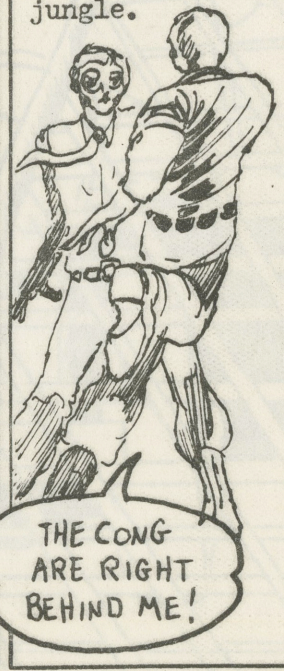
He homes in on the beeps the device emits.



Hearing shots, he stops and jumps from the jeep...



A frantic figure runs from the jungle.







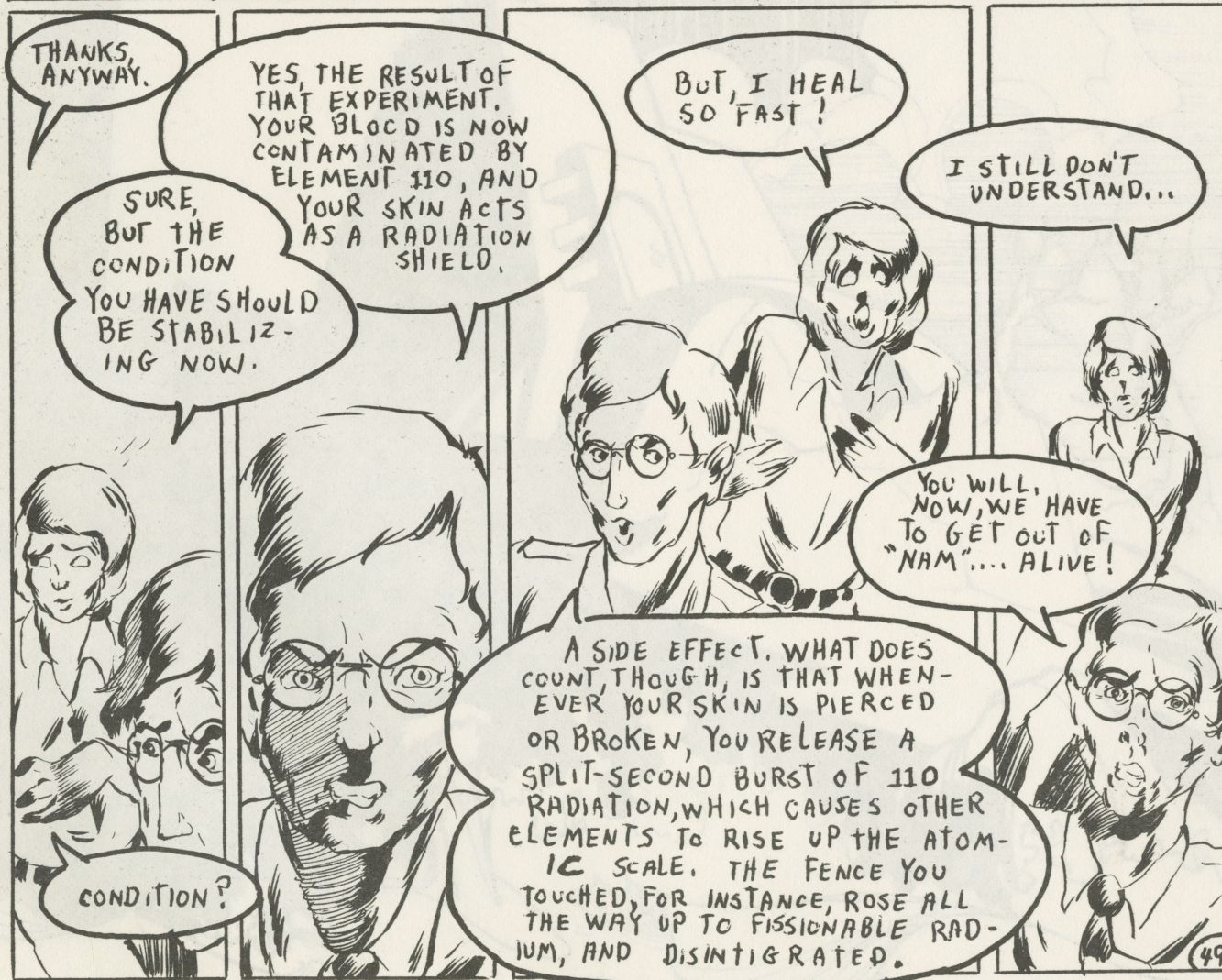
GET IN!



I WASN'T SURE  
I'D FIND YOU.

WHO ARE YOU?

I SAVED YOU  
TWO DAYS AGO,  
BUT YOU CAN'T  
HAVE RECOG-  
NIZED ME.



THANKS,  
ANYWAY.

YES, THE RESULT OF  
THAT EXPERIMENT.  
YOUR BLOOD IS NOW  
CONTAMINATED BY  
ELEMENT 110, AND  
YOUR SKIN ACTS  
AS A RADIATION  
SHIELD.

SURE,  
BUT THE  
CONDITION  
YOU HAVE SHOULD  
BE STABILIZ-  
ING NOW.

BUT, I HEAL  
SO FAST!

I STILL DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

YOU WILL,  
NOW, WE HAVE  
TO GET OUT OF  
"NAM"... ALIVE!

A SIDE EFFECT. WHAT DOES  
COUNT, THOUGH, IS THAT WHEN-  
EVER YOUR SKIN IS PIERCED  
OR BROKEN, YOU RELEASE A  
SPLIT-SECOND BURST OF 110  
RADIATION, WHICH CAUSES OTHER  
ELEMENTS TO RISE UP THE ATOM-  
IC SCALE. THE FENCE YOU  
TOUCHED, FOR INSTANCE, ROSE ALL  
THE WAY UP TO FISSIONABLE RAD-  
IUM, AND DISINTIGRATED.

CONDITION?

49

.....to be continued



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SIMONSON, SCIARRA, KISTER.

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